TALES OF MY LANDLADY.

EDITED BY

PEREGRINE PUZZLEBRAIN.

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ASSISTANT

TO

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF GANDERCLEUGH.

Omnia vincit amor.

IN THREE VOLUMES.



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TALES

OF

MY LANDLADY



AFFLUENCE, POVERTY, AND MEDIOCRITY.

CHAPTER I.

A SHORT period before the breaking out of the French revolution, the Marquis de Clairville was one of the richest noblemen in France; nature had joined with fortune to bestow upon the Marquis all that, in the general opinion, constitutes happiness; a good understanding, a fine person, a happy sweetness of temper, and an engaging address. It was no wonder that all these *agrémens*, united to a title and immense riches, rendered

the Marquis an object of the greatest importance to the ladies.

In despite, however, of the address for which the French *belles* are so justly celebrated, the Marquis preserved his liberty till he had attained his twenty-seventh year; he was then captivated by the dawning beauties of Mademoiselle de Grammont, a young orphan of noble family, but almost destitute of the gifts of fortune, who had scarcely attained her fifteenth year.

Julie de Grammont had, on the decease of her parents, which happened when she was only five years of age, been taken by her aunt, Madame de Touranges, who sent her immediately to a convent, on the most economical plan that she could devise, intending, in fact, as soon as the little orphan was of a proper age to have her professed.

But as Julie grew up, she gave promise of such uncommon beauty, that her aunt changed her plans. She ordered that no expence should be spared upon her education; she saw her often, treated

her with the most caressing kindness; and, in short, took every means that she could devise to attach the innocent Julie to herself, by the strongest ties of gratitude and affection.

Nor was this a difficult task; nature had bestowed upon Julie uncommon sensibility, and a grateful, affectionate heart: her love for her aunt was unbounded; and her earnest wish, her daily prayer, was that she might one day have an opportunity of proving, by her conduct, how sensible she was of the extent of her obligations to Madame de Touranges.

Little did the ingenuous and affectionate girl suspect, that regard for her had no share in those obligations, and that fondness, which Madame de Touranges lavished upon her. Madame, a complete woman of the world, had, at thirty-eight, survived every feeling but self-love; self, dear self, was the idol she continually worshipped; to it she was ready to offer up without regret the interests, the feelings, even the happiness of others; yet so nicely did she manage, that she had

credit with the world for good-nature and generosity: the reason was, that she considered it sound policy to conciliate the general good opinion, consequently her manners were uncommonly specious and insinuating; and she never lost an opportunity of being of service to others, when she could do so, without injury or inconvenience to herself.

For nearly five years, that is to say, from the time Julie had attained her tenth year, Madame de Touranges had destined de Clairville for her future nephew; and never, in the hey-day of her own youth and beauty, did the gallantries of either of her husbands, for she had been twice a wife, cost her such uneasiness as those of the Marquis. With consummate artifice she contrived, without appearing openly in his affairs, to detach him from every connexion that had the appearance of becoming serious, and she saw, with delight, the time rapidly approach, when she hoped that he would surrender himself a willing captive to the charms of her niece. An incident occurred, however, which she had

not calculated upon, and which had nearly robbed her of her intended prize.

This was, the unexpected appearance, in the great world, of a very pretty widow, *Madame la Comtesse de Fualdes.* She had been married at the age of sixteen, and in about a year afterwards was hurried, by her husband, from the gaieties of the capital to the retirement of a gloomy *château,* situated in a distant province, where the pretty Comtesse vegetated for nearly seven years. Death at last released the Comte from the task he had voluntarily imposed upon himself, of her jailer, and she returned, as soon as she decently could, to Paris, to try whether she could not form a second alliance, more fortunate than her first had been.

The Comtesse, with great natural vivacity, could affect, when it suited her purpose to do so, a degree of simplicity rarely found in high life, and a sensibility, which seemed tremblingly alive. It was these qualities, or rather the appearance of them, which more, perhaps, than her

beauty fascinated the Marquis de Clairville, who very soon began to shew her such marked attentions, that the *beau monde* of Paris were satisfied he was upon the point of becoming either her lover, or her husband.

Matters had been carried thus far in the space of a fortnight, during which Madame de Touranges was confined to her chamber by indisposition. No sooner, however, did the report of de Clairville's attentions to the fascinating Comtesse, reach her, than *malgré* the injunctions of her physician, that she should be kept perfectly quiet, she determined to receive the visits of a few friends, and we may believe de Clairville was first on the list of those who were to be admitted.

That very evening Mademoiselle de Grammont quitted her convent, for the first time, to pay a visit to her aunt, who received her with a declaration, that she could no longer bear to be deprived of the sight of her; but as she was still so young, she should not introduce her to her

friends for some time longer; and therefore it was settled that, when Madame de Touranges had company, Julie should retire to an adjoining apartment, till she was alone; and that as soon as Madame recovered, her niece should return to the convent for at least another year.

The regret Julie might have felt at this arrangement, had her aunt been in perfect health, was swallowed up by her concern for Madame de Touranges' evident indisposition; there was a small bed put up for her in a light closet adjoining her aunt's apartment, and she was with difficulty prevailed upon to retire to it, even at a late hour that night.

The following day, several of Madame de Touranges' friends paid their respects to her, and among others de Clairville, who came luckily alone. Madame de Touranges hastened before the arrival of other company, to put in execution the plan which her fertile genius had suggested to present him with an *accidental* sight of her lovely niece. After conversing for

a few minutes with the Marquis, Madame de Touranges complained suddenly of a pain at her heart, and affected to faint. The Marquis, really alarmed, uttered an exclamation, which instantly brought the terrified Julie to her aunt's assistance. We may be sure that Madame de Touranges did not open her eyes till she was convinced that the Marquis had made pretty good use of his, to view the charms of her lovely niece, which were rather heightened than diminished by her unaffected emotion.

At last the politic aunt recovered, though very slowly, and, as might be expected, she was surprised and displeased at the sight of her niece. The Marquis, of course, took his leave immediately; but Madame Touranges saw, with secret triumph, by the glance which he cast at Julie, that her plan had completely succeeded.

Julie was lectured, but with great gentleness, for her excessive susceptibility; her promises to correct it soon

obtained her pardon, and her aunt, dismissing her with an affectionate embrace, expressed a wish to be left for some time to repose.

CHAPTER II.

Madame de Touranges, who had not the least wish for repose, was no sooner alone, than she began to arrange her future proceedings. Anybody else, in her place, would have been satisfied to let things take their ordinary course; but her maxim was, that common means were for common minds, and she would have scorned to owe her success, in any instance, to straight forward measures; no, the devious path had for her inconceivable charms, it was one which she had pursued through life. In the first instance perhaps necessity might have some share in inducing her to take it, but artifice and trick were congenial to her nature, and she had practised them so long, that to deal plainly and sincerely, even in trifles, was now out of her power.

She lay racking her brains, to devise expe-

dients for heightening the Marquis's passion, till she almost worried herself into fever; at last it fortunately occurred to her, that she had never divulged to anyone what were her intentions respecting the orphan's future destiny, and she determined to intimate to the Marquis, that it was her wish Julie should take the veil.

Having arranged in her mind a pretty little romance, to account for a resolution, which must seem rather extraordinary in a woman, who, to say the truth, was never likely to be celebrated for sanctity, Madame awaited the appearance of de Clairville with impatience; nor did she await it long. The Marquis, who had really been excessively struck with Julie, came to her aunt's hotel the next day, in hopes of having another peep at her; but Madame Touranges took care that he should be disappointed, although she enjoyed excessively the impatient glances, which from time to time he cast towards the door, and the visible absence of mind with which he attended to her.

At last, no longer able to keep silence

on the subject next his heart, he hoped that her charming niece had not suffered from her fright of the day before. Madame replied, " that her niece was perfectly well," thanked him for his enquiry, and then passed directly to some other subject. De Clairville essayed several times to bring her back to it, but in vain; at last he came plump to the point, by enquiring how it happened that he had never heard her speak of the treasure which she possessed in her lovely niece?

Here was a fine opportunity for the display of Madame's talents, and she made use of it to relate the pretty little romance which she had planned. Her only and beloved sister, the mother of her niece, had fallen a victim to an unfortunate marriage; for years before her death, her existence had been embittered by domestic miseries, and she was so thoroughly convinced that happiness was not to be found in the world, that she made it her last request to Madame de Touranges that Julie should take the veil.

" I never heard anything so barbarous

in my life!" cried the indignant Marquis. "So, because she had herself drawn a blank in the matrimonial lottery, she must condemn her lovely daughter to the horrors of a convent. Thank Heaven, however, that the fate of the sweet girl is in your hands! You, my dear Madame, are too humane, too liberal, to sacrifice such a charming creature."

"Indeed, my dear Marquis," cried Madame de Touranges, with a smile, "you are inclined to think better of me than I deserve. I certainly shall not force the inclinations of my niece, but as I do not believe that they are at all in opposition to her mother's wishes, I shall intimate those wishes to her as soon as she is old enough to be professed."

The Marquis remonstrated against this, as he called it, barbarous measure, but in vain, and he returned home with his head full of the lovely Julie, now doubly interesting, since pity was added to admiration.

De Clairville was not exactly what is

termed a marrying man; he had not indeed made any serious resolution against it; he considered it, in fact, as an event which might some time or other happen; but he certainly thought that he might take the next twenty years to consider of it. He had been very much struck with Madame de Fualdes, but he formed no determined intention of addressing her; and although he was still more captivated with Julie, he wished to see a little more of her before he surrendered to her his dearly-prized liberty.

Madame de Touranges saw with triumph that her plan was in a fair way of being accomplished. She contrived that the Marquis should meet Julie, as by accident, alone. She had reason to congratulate herself on her management; the interview was decisive; de Clairville was even more captivitated with the artless *naïveté* and unfeigned simplicity of Julie, than with her beauty; he no longer hesitated to propose for her. Madame, by degrees, suffered her scruples to be overcome, and before

she had attained her fifteenth year, the beautiful Julie, as *la Marquise de Clairville*, was the idol of all Paris.

It is astonishing how quickly women, particularly French women, acquire *les usages du beau monde.* Julie was a proof of this; she was soon considered as polished and fascinating as she was beautiful. But, alas! the more Julie saw of that world which had appeared so delightful while she was secluded from it, the less she liked it. At first she was charmed with all that she saw and heard; the men were so complaisant, so attentive; the ladies so delighted with her, so anxious to cultivate her friendship, that poor Julie, who took all the fine speeches made to her in a literal sense, was enchanted to find herself surrounded by friends, when she only expected to meet with acquaintance.

"What strange prejudices," thought she, "does seclusion from the world give rise to! How mistaken were our good sisters of St. Ursula, who represented the world to me in such hideous colours! where is the deceit, the envy, the malignity of

which they talked to me? they painted the world as a place, where snares were continually laid for innocence; where, in short, one could not take a step without the hazard of committing sin. Ah, how I wish they were with me, that they might see this charming world, so different in all respects to what they imagine it."

Such were Julie's first reflections when, on entering into life, she was dazzled by the fair semblance of every thing around her, and she mistook the glare of pleasure for the calm sunshine of happiness.

But what enchanted Julie above all, was her singular good fortune in a husband: her good friends, the nuns, had taught her to dread the sufferings of wives, whom they represented as the slaves of tyrannical, imperious, or inconstant husbands; but how different was de Clairville to all this! He exacted no sacrifices, nay, he scarcely seemed to have a will, at least he never put it in competition with hers; and as to inconstancy, that, she thanked Heaven, she was secured from. De Clairville doated upon her too truly, too fondly, ever

to be guilty of inconstancy. Her only care must be to render herself worthy of such a husband, her only fear lest she should not succeed.

This fear was a little oppressive to the spirits of the gentle and affectionate Julie, but she was soon relieved from it. In three months after his marriage, this miracle of husbands was entangled in the snares of a worthless coquet, and so completely did he become her dupe, that he totally neglected his amiable wife to pay his court to her. The Marquise might have remained for some time in ignorance of her misfortune, had not her eyes been opened to it by one of her dear five hundred female friends, who related the affair with an affection of pity, and a degree of malignant, though suppressed triumph, which proved that she heartily enjoyed the mortification, which she was conscious that the recital would occasion to her friend.

The spirit, self-command, and penetration of Julie, in some degree, disappointed her malignant informer; though her heart throbbed with grief and indignation, she

summoned resolution to desire that the subject might be dropped, and never resumed; and when the officious informer would have pressed it farther, the Marquise rose with dignity, and saying that it was impossible for her to hear another word against her husband, she quitted the room.

CHAPTER III.

People generally pass from one extreme to the other, and it is not surprising that this should be the case with our young wife, who was now even more indignant than the good sisters of St. Ursula, against that world, which had so lately appeared to her a paradise. Madame de Touranges when she called in the evening to take her to a brilliant party, found her alone, in *déshabèlle*, and drowned in tears.

Julie hastened to throw herself into the arms of her good aunt, her only friend, whom she expected to sympathize in her indignation at the Marquis' barbarous conduct. What was her astonishment to find Madame de Touranges treat the affair as a mere *bagatelle*, unworthy of the notice of a woman of spirit.

"My dear niece," cried she, "if it were known that you resented or grieved

at such a thing as this, you would absolutely be held up to public ridicule. I approve highly of the manner in which you treated that malicious Madame Limours; but it will signify little your practising self-command in public, if you thus give way in private to a weakness, so childish and unworthy of you. Come, dry your eyes, and hasten to dress; I would not for the world that the cause of your absence from Madame de S—— should even be suspected."

Shocked and amazed at meeting with reproof and indifference, where she had expected consolation and sympathy, Julie ventured, for the first time, to differ openly and positively in opinion from Madame de Touranges, and it required all that lady's knowledge of human nature to enable her to manage this affair so as to prevent an open rupture between the Marquis and Marquise.

The extreme youth of Madame de Clairville, will plead her excuse with the candid part of my readers for the impropriety of which she was guilty in resenting her

husband's conduct. Her aunt indeed succeeded in preventing her from openly reproaching him, but the visible alteration in her looks and manners convinced him that she was no stranger to his guilt, and the consequence was, that he grew more careless to preserve appearances, and more negligent towards her than before.

The *beaux*, whose attention and complaisance Madame de Clairville had been so delighted with when she first appeared in the world, now thought that they had a good chance to supplant the ungrateful husband; and poor Julie was besieged by adorers, who tried every means to remove what they called her prejudices, but in vain; her heart was pure, and neither raillery, flattery, nor example ever shook that horror of vice which she had imbibed from the lessons of her good friends in the convent of St. Ursula.

But though Julie retained her chastity, she was forced, in other respects, to go with the stream; dissipation was the order of the day in Paris, and Madame de Touranges exerted her whole influence to make

her neice dissipated. The Marquis, too, took pride in seeing his wife admired, and Julie was not insensible to the pleasure of shewing him that she had but to appear to wrest the palm of beauty from all others. Time accustomed her, in some degree, to his infidelities, and enabled her to live with him upon easy, if not happy, terms. While he, though partially estranged from her, always regarded her with tenderness and esteem.

The notice of the lovely Marie Antoinette, who honoured Madame de Clairville with marks of particular attachment, raised her in the opinion of her friends, to the summit of human felicity. Madame de Touranges repeated to her niece incessantly, that she was the happiest woman in the world; and there were times, when Julie, dazzled by royal favour, by universal homage, or by the more delightful, but less frequent returns of the Marquis's affection, was herself of the same opinion. But these sweet illusions did not last, and poor Julie was reminded, painfully reminded, of the truth so often

inculcated by the sisters of St. Ursula, that life is but a state of probation at best.

Two years after her marriage, Madame de Clairville became a mother, and this event proved to her a more certain source of pleasure, than any she had yet enjoyed; her child was a girl, and promised to be as beautiful as herself. She named it Laure, after her aunt Madame de Touranges, and when she saw the fondness with which the Marquis caressed it, and the solicitude he appeared to feel about her own recovery, she almost wondered how she ever could have thought him unkind.

In the midst of his follies and his excesses, de Clairville's heart was good, but he was the sport alike of his own passion, and an artful and unprincipled woman, who governed him by a semblance of affection, which flattered his vanity, and which, indeed, was so well acted, as to induce him to believe, that her very existence depended upon the continuance of his regard for her.

This syren was Madame de Fualdes. Though at first astonished and incensed at his marriage, a little reflection determined her not to give him up; she was very poor; thus, in a pecuniary way, he might still be serviceable to her, and she felt, beside, a degree of malignant pleasure in the idea of rendering wretched the woman, who had, though unconsciously, robbed her of his hand.

Madame Fualdes was not really attached to the Marquis; she had, therefore, a great advantage over the too sensitive Julie, and she profited by it to establish her empire so firmly over de Clairville, that at last he literally did not dare to refuse her any thing. Yet, in the midst of her caresses, in the midst of the gaieties by which he was surrounded, the small still voice of conscience would sometimes intrude, would tell him, that he neither was, nor deserved to be, happy.

About this time the dark cloud, which had so long hung over the political hemisphere of France, burst. The revolution broke out, de Clairville, a royalist, both

from principle, and from feelings of personal affection and respect for a monarch, whose virtues commanded the veneration of all the thinking part of his subjects, openly espoused the court party, notwithstanding the most brilliant offers were secretly made him to join the republican faction.

Just before the troubles broke out, the coachman of Madame de Clairville, was one day driving through a narrow street, and perceiving a man very incautiously attempt to cross, he called to him to get out of the way; the man hurried forward, but in his hurry, his foot slipped, he fell, and the coachman, being unable to pull up his horses, who were young and very spirited, the wheel went over his legs

Julie instantly got out of the carriage, and had the poor fellow carried into the nearest house, whither she accompanied him herself. His leg was broken, and in the fall he had cut his head, which bled profusely. There was no person in the

apartment to which the poor fellow was conveyed, but a girl, who was too young to be of any service, and Madame de Clairville, who had but one footman with her, dispatched him immediately for medical assistance. The coachman was of course obliged to remain with his horses; the groans of the poor sufferer pierced the heart of the Marquise, but not daring to touch the broken limb, she applied herself to wash the blood from his head, she cut away the hair from about the wound, and had just bandaged it up when the surgeon made his appearance.

Spite of the agony in which the object of her attention lay, he seemed fully sensible of her kindness, for which he thanked her in a jargon of bad French and worse English, that would, but for the tones of voice in which it was delivered, have been wholly unintelligible; but gratitude, like love, has a language of its own, and the feeling heart of the Marquise throbbed with a livelier interest for poor Bryan Dempsey, when she saw the

grateful emotions which her humanity excited.

The surgeon now prepared to dress the leg, Bryan uttered a loud cry, and Julie drew back with a look so expressive of what she endured at seeing him suffer, that Bryan, who had a full view of her face, felt in a moment all his courage restored.

" *Mon Dieu!* if I am not the biggest *baste* on the whole continent, and the kingdom of Ireland to boot; sure it's ashamed I am to be a screeching and bawling, to make Madame there, God bless her sweet face, ready to faint. *Pardonnez-moi, Madame, je vous demande mille pardons le bruit que je fais.* Sorrow choak, the bit more will I roar, any how, not if they take the poor leg itself away, clever and *clane.*"

Julie returned the most kind and soothing answer to the little that she understood of this speech, and during the remainder of the operation, Bryan behaved like a hero.

When it was finished, the surgeon gave

his opinion that Bryan might be moved to his lodgings, if they were not at any great distance, without danger. Madame de Clairville desired that the surgeon, who luckily understood English, would ask him where his home was, secretly determining to render the time of his confinement as comfortable as money would make it.

"As to my home," replied Bryan, sorrowfully, in reply to the surgeon, "I can't say, to be sure, that I have not one, but in troth, it is no nearer than Glassmahanouge. I came here about three months ago with a friend, that is, a bit of a relation, indeed of my own, for we were foster brothers. So he promoted me to the honour of being his *valet de sham*, and sham enough it was, for the matter of that, for I never had such *tratement*, as we'd give to a dog at home, much less to a Christian, let alone a relation. And then he was always telling me that I was so aukward and *ungentale*, and that I never would acquire the *laste* morsel of *L'air de Paris.*

Well, I put up with all this, and *plinty* more of the same sort; and at last he asked me to join in such a blackguard business, that is, he desired my assistance in a little affair; so, as I did not chuse to comply, I just knocked him down; and with that he got in a passion, for no rason in life, and because I would not make an apólogy, when after all I was quite in the right, he turned me out of doors."

The surgeon would have understood even good English imperfectly, consequently our readers may conclude that he had but a very imperfect idea of Bryan's story, from the confused manner in which it was related. Unwilling to acknowledge that he did not comprehend the narrative he had just heard, he translated it to Julie in a manner, little creditable to poor Bryan; whom he said, lived as a servant with his own brother, but being reproached by him for not acquiring the air of Paris, he had beaten him soundly, and was, in consequence, turned by him out of doors.

This account was not calculated to

make an impression in Bryan's favour. But he may reform, thought Julie, and at any rate it is my duty to take care of him for the present. She sent her servant immediately to enquire for accommodations, which were soon procured for Bryan, and she left him, with a charge to be careful of his health, and a promise to be a friend to him if he deserved it.

Bryan shed tears of gratitude, while he poured forth his voluble thanks, and called upon all the saints to reward her for her goodness.

Julie's eyes moistened, as she walked to her carriage with a lighter step, and a happier heart than she had had for some time. "I will never again," said she, mentally, "think lightly of money; this day has taught me its value; it has taught me too, to estimate more justly the sources of pleasure still within my reach, and, please Heaven, the lesson shall not be thrown away.

Nor was it. From that day Julie found time, even in the midst of dissipation,

to attend to the wants of others, and she found, also, that the practice of benevolence, if it cannot always divert our minds from our own sorrows, at least consoles us under them. But to return to Bryan, of whom we will endeavour to give the reader a more clear account, than the one he has himself furnished.

CHAPTER IV.

Bryan Dempsey's mother had been the nurse of Captain O'Neil; she had weaned Bryan when he was only three months old, in order to take the infant of Mrs. O'Neil, and this produced, what Bryan called the relationship, which subsisted between them.

Major O'Neil, the father of the little nursling, had the double misfortune to be very poor and very proud; added to which, his naturally thoughtless and profuse disposition kept him in continual embarrassments. His wife, an honourable in her own right, thought less of her duties as a wife and mother, than of living in the style in which Major O'Neil's lady ought to live. As the major changed his quarters very often, she declared that it would be quite inconvenient to have little

Edward with herself; the expence attending a good school, was, in her opinion, a solid objection to his being put to one, and her pride revolted at the idea of placing him in a cheap seminary, because there could not possibly be any children in such a place fit to associate with him. Besides, thought Mrs. O'Neil, when she thought at all about it, he is still such a child that there is time enough yet.

So things went on, till Edward had attained his tenth year, by which time he had profited so much by the instructions he received from his foster brother Bryan, that he could read pretty fluently. It is true, he was indebted more to his assurance than to his genius for the facility with which he read, as his nurse phrased it, off-hand, for he skipped all the hard words, and mispronounced at least one half of the rest. At that time Major O'Neil became stationary in Dublin, and he insisted so strongly upon having the boy home, that Mrs. O'Neil was obliged to send an order to nurse Dempsey, to bring him to town directly.

It so happened, that the money which the Major had given his lady from time to time to pay the nurse, had been generally used to replenish her card purse, and she was so much in arrear for the maintenance of the child, that she absolutely dreaded the sight of his nurse, who had hitherto been quiet, from a fear, that the child, of whom she was very fond, would be taken from her. Mrs. O'Neil expected, that as soon as he was, nurse would be clamorous enough; and she was not mistaken. This had the effect of producing some violent quarrels between the Major and his Lady, who not chusing to throw the blame where it was justly due, that is, upon herself, considered her son as the cause of her vexation, and from treating him with neglect and indifference, she proceeded from scolding to blows, till she rendered the child's life miserable.

Poor Ned soon bitterly regretted having exchanged the smoky cabin, where he was looked upon as a prodigy, for the fine house, where he was treated as a stupid blockhead, and alternately beat and starv-

ed for not knowing what he never was taught. At the earnest desire of Mrs. Dempsey, who declared that Bryan would break his heart after his foster brother, the Major took him into his service. For two years that Edward remained at home, the little share of comfort he enjoyed was derived from his faithful Bryan, who was his confidant, assistant, and adviser.

More than once was Edward indebted to his foster bother for his escape from deserved punishment, for Bryan never hesitated to take upon himself all the blame of any mischief committed by Edward, and if ever Bryan's obliging temper, or ready activity procured him a little money, it was sure to find its way into his young master's pockets.

At last the time came for Edward to be sent to England to school; he parted from Bryan with many tears and professions of affection. Bryan professed nothing, but when Edward departed, he neither eat nor slept, he was soon taken with a slow fever, from which the tender care of his mother, who hastened up to Dublin, with difficulty re-

covered him, and perhaps, after all, his convalescence was not a little owing to the cheering hope which she continually held out to him, that Master Neddy would soon be a man ; and sure, when he was, he would prefer Bryan to be his *vally de sham.*

The thought of his expected promotion, or rather, the hope that he should see his dear Edward again, supported Bryan through the period of his absence. At length he returned, his father had purchased him a commission, and never surely did any commander in chief appear so great a personage in the eyes of his soldiers, as Cornet O'Neil, in his new suit of regimentals, did in those of Bryan Dempsey.

Bryan, who had now obtained the rank of footman in the Major's family, looked eagerly forward to his expected promotion, as valet to Master Edward ; but he looked in vain, for under one pretence or other, the Cornet declined taking him.

Some years passed, Edward became a captain, but he got so much in debt, that he had no other way to escape a pri-

son but by selling his commission to satisfy his creditors. He did so, and then resolving to make use of the experience which he had bought so dearly, he determined to go to Paris, and try to mend his fortune by the double chance of a matrimonial speculation, and the hazard-table.

Upon this occasion, the Captain thought it might be convenient to perform his old promises to Bryan, whose disinterested attachment might stand him in some stead. Bryan accepted the offer of accompanying him with transport, and the master and man were soon settled in handsome apartments near the *Palais royal.*

Nature had never intended Bryan for a *valet-de-chambre.* His aukwardness and his blunders speedily disgusted the Captain, whose memory soon lost all traces of the obligations which ought to have bound him to treat his foster brother with kindness and humanity in a strange country.

O'Neil was naturally impatient; his success at play was not so good as he expect-

ed, and he either taunted Bryan with great bitterness, or broke out into fits of rage with him, which cut the poor fellow to the heart. Often and often did Bryan wish himself at home again, when a circumstance occurred which procured his dismission.

In the house opposite to them lodged an old Comtesse, who had a very pretty *femme-de-chambre.* Irishmen seldom find much difficulty in introducing themselves to the fair sex; and although Nina could not speak a word of English, and Bryan's small stock of French was nearly unintelligible, they soon got upon tolerably good terms.

It happened unluckily for poor Nina that those visits to her window, which she intended solely for Bryan, were placed by O'Neil to his own account, and he determined to profit by the predilection with which he supposed he had inspired her.

"That's a devilish fine girl," said he one day to Bryan, "and she seems amazingly struck with me. I have a great

mind to invite her to supper; and if you were not such a blundering blockhead, you might convey a note to her from me."

"Sure, and I may be a blundering blockhead, but I'll never make such a blunder as that," replied Bryan, sulkily.

"Blunder!" cried the Captain, "what do you mean? Do you call it a blunder to obey my orders?"

"I would not obey the orders of a prince, if he desired me to decoy an innocent girl."

"Mighty fine, truly! you forget yourself strangely, Bryan, when you presume to talk to me in this hypocritical style."

"Begging your honour's pardon, I am not a bit of a hypocrite at all at all; there is not a boy alive that would be more ready to lend a helping hand to a bit of mischief, provided it was anything in *rason*; but this is a different sort of a matter from robbing of orchards, or stealing the jellies or *presarves* as I formerly used to do for you. The girl's an honest girl now, that's what I am sure of, and she's no fit companion for your honour any how."

" But I suppose that you think she is a fit companion for yourself," replied the brutal O'Neil. " I dare say, if the truth was known, that she is your——?"

He had scarcely uttered the opprobrious epithet, when a blow from the incensed Bryan levelled him with the earth; but he sprung upon his legs in a moment, and seizing the unresisting Bryan, he pommelled him without mercy.

" *Bate* away as much as ever you *plase* and welcome. If you take my life it won't be half so cruel as that which you've just said to me," said Bryan, calmly.

" Rascal! villain!" cried the furious O'Neil, " I will be revenged upon you your——."

" Don't call her any more names, Master Edward," cried Dempsey, interrupting him; " for if you were my brother ten thousand times, I'll knock you down again if you do."

This threat brought the Captain, who was not much disposed to feel a second time the Herculean blow of Bryan, to terms. Releasing Dempsey from his grasp,

he ordered him to down on his knees that moment and beg his pardon.

"And that's what I never will," said Bryan, firmly, "though I'd rather cut out a piece of my own heart, than I'd hurt you, Master Edward, if I could help it; but as to begging pardon for acting like a man, in taking the part of an innocent girl, I won't."

"Then get out of my service this moment, you rascal; starve, and go to the devil, as you deserve."

"As to starving," replied Bryan, making a strong effort to suppress the tears, which in spite of himself would spring to his eyes, "I am not in the least afraid of that, for your honour has given me a breakfast that will last till I can earn another, I'll be bound. As for going to the devil, it's what I can't do, because I don't know the road. God keep your honour from taking the same, that's all the harm I wish you." And feeling that he could not proceed without bursting into tears, he ran out of the room, and the heartless O'Neil suffered him to quit the house in

a few minutes afterwards, without giving him the small sum which he owed him; so that the whole stock of money that Dempsey possessed when he met with the accident which introduced him to Madame de Clairville, was just six sous.

CHAPTER V.

During the period in which Bryan was confined to his room, he applied himself so closely to the study of French, that by the time he was perfectly recovered he could speak it very intelligibly. Madame de Clairville frequently visited him, and his simplicity of character, as well as the ardour of his gratitude, won so far upon her good opinion, that she offered either to pay his expences back to Ireland, or to retain him in her own service, if he preferred remaining with her to returning home.

Dempsey embraced the latter proposal with the liveliest joy. His mother had died since he quitted Ireland, and that event made him feel a dislike to return to it. He was immediately enrolled among the laquais of the Marquis, and in a short time he found himself perfectly at home.

It was, as I before observed, shortly after

this affair, that the revolution broke out. De Clairville rejected with the greatest firmness the offers which were made to engage him in it, but the Duke D'Orleans, who was extremely desirous to engage him in the revolutionary cause, thought he had, through Madame Fualdes, a certain means of doing so.

Madame Fualdes, who was in every way unprincipled, readily promised the Duke her assistance, and confidently assured him that in a very short time he might reckon upon the Marquis's becoming an adherent of his party.

She soon, however, found that she had calculated too strongly upon her influence; de Clairville indignantly repelled her various and artful attempts to draw him from the path of loyalty; and when he found that she persisted to urge him on the subject, he ceased entirely to see her.

This step sealed his ruin. The moment, it is true, was not yet arrived in which the revolutionary faction dared attack him, but he was marked as one of its first victims.

Never, perhaps, from the first moment of their union, did so perfect a confidence subsist between the Marquis and Julie as at the period we are speaking of. Her attachment to the royal family was equal to his own, and every thought of self was lost in her apprehensions for her royal mistress, who, by the magnanimity which she evinced under her trials, increased the attachment of those in her confidence, even to enthusiasm.

Madame de Touranges, who foresaw the total ruin of the royal cause, repeatedly urged Julie to emigrate, but to this proposal the Marquise would not listen, even for a moment: every day indeed awakened her fears for the safety of her beloved mistress, but it strengthened the resolution she had formed never to leave her while it was possible for her to alleviate the undeserved misery of the royal sufferer.

At length the unfortunate journey to Varennes, sealed the ruin of Louis and his devoted family; it served also as a pretext to D'Orleans and his party to

complete the destruction of de Clairville, whom they resolved to denounce as being privy to the measure.

But a faithful, though humble friend to the Marquis, saved him from the effect of their diabolical machinations. Bryan Dempsey had witnessed with dismay the change which the new ideas of liberty and equality had occasioned in the household of the Marquis, none of the domestics except the old steward and himself remaining faithful to their principles. The harangues of the others, particularly of the coachman, to whom Bryan owed his broken leg, were often of such a nature, as to render the attached and grateful fellow seriously uneasy for the safety of his beloved master, and still more so for that of the Marquise, whom he almost adored.

From some words which dropped from the Marquis's valet respecting Madame Fualdes, Bryan conjectured that some mischief threatened his master from that quarter, though of what nature he was unable to divine. He knew that Jacques,

the valet of the Marquis, and Annette the *femme-de-chambre* of Madame Fualdes, were upon the best terms, but Jacques was a little lean sallow fellow, and Bryan was tall, well proportioned, and remarkably good-looking. "Suppose," thought he, "I was to make up to the *crature;* sure, if she is after taking a fancy to such an ugly scare-crow as Jacques, I can soon melt her *tinder* heart; and if once she is *complately* in love with me, I won't be long getting to the bottom of all the mischief, I'll engage."

Full of these thoughts, Bryan dressed himself with more care than usual, and went to wait upon Mademoiselle Annette, who copied her lady's example too closely to consider fidelity a virtue. Accordingly *maugré* her *tendresse* for Jacques, she soon smiled so favourably upon Bryan, that he thought the moment was arrived in which he might put her affection for him to the test.

One day, after he had said many tender things, he suddenly assumed a very grave

air, and told her if she really loved him she must give up the company of Jacques. This declaration produced what he hoped and expected, a positive assurance from Annette, that he asked what it was impossible for her to grant. "Oh, very well," said Bryan, starting up in a pretended, rage, "if that's the case, then good bye to you, Mademoiselle Annette. You may make as many fools as you *plase*, but I'll take care Bryan Dempsey shan't be one of the number. Sure, if you want to *desarve* any body, take a friend's advice, and don't let it be an Irishman, for we are cute enough in love affairs, any how, whatever we may be in other things."

While he was speaking, Bryan was making, or rather affecting to make, his way to the door. In vain did Annette assure him, that it was not love for Jacques which prevented her from breaking with him; Dempsey protested it could be nothing else. At last Annette, in her impatience, let drop some hints, that the business concerned the Marquis de Clairville,

between whom and her lady, she said, a quarrel had taken place, and she protested, that her continued intimacy with Jacques was absolutely necessary to aid a plan which her mistress had formed, in consequence of this quarrel.

Bryan pretended to be by no means satisfied with this acknowledgment; he protested that he never could believe that any woman loved him, if she was capable of keeping a secret from him; it implied a bad opinion of his honour: "And by the powers!" continued Bryan, "if once a *swate crature* doubts my honour, I should think myself the *gratest baste* alive, if I did not convince her she did me injustice, by breaking with her directly."

To be brief.—Bryan's rhetoric prevailed over Annette's small portion of prudence; she confided to him all that she knew, and that was sufficient to convince him, that, if his master did not escape directly, he would in a few days be lodged in prison.

Bryan dissembled, as well as he could, the shock which this intelligence gave him; and after lavishing on Annette a thousand professions of affection, he took his leave, and returned home, almost in despair, for he knew not how to apprize the Marquis of the intelligence he had received; since he justly feared, that to demand an interview with him might excite some suspicions in the mind of Jacques, and to write to him was out of the question, because, though he spoke French by this time pretty fluently, he could not write it at all.

At one moment he determined to communicate it to La Roche the steward, but, in the next instant, doubts even of his fidelity occurred to him, and it was of the last importance, that no delay in the communication should take place. Before he had formed any resolution, he arrived at home, and finding that the Marquis was absent, he immediately conceived the idea of w[illegible]ing his approach to his hotel, and endeavouring to speak to him.

Fortune befriended Bryan. The Marquis returned late, and alone; but he could scarcely credit, or indeed understand, the communication of Dempsey, that Madame Fualdes, a woman whom he regarded as extremely attached to him, should be privy to a design upon his life, appeared so improbable, that for some time he could not believe it. But at length, as Dempsey's agitation subsided, he gave his account with more clearness, and precision, and de Clairville, after reflecting upon, and comparing circumstances, felt but too certain that the faithful fellow had not overrated the danger which threatened him.

The pang which conscience inflicted upon him, as he internally execrated Madame de Fualdes' perfidy, was the severest which he had ever felt; but hastily suppressing his feelings, he returned to his house, to impart, as gently as he could, the dreadful intelligence to Julie, whose fortitude he feared would sink under the blow.

He was mistaken. She bore up against it with a degree of firmness which astonished him. She saw, in fact, that if proper measures were pursued, de Clairville might still be saved, and this thought roused all her energies.

CHAPTER VI.

SHE recollected that her husband had in La Vendée a chateau, which being built in the feudal times, afforded innumerable opportunities of concealment. The only inhabitants of this chateau, were an old domestic and his wife, both of whom had lived with de Clairville's father; could the Marquis reach the chateau undiscovered, she thought that he might remain there in safety, till some plan could be arranged for their escape from France, since the ties which held them to it were now, alas! broken, by the arrest of the royal family, and the villainous plan laid to deprive de Clairville of liberty, and most probably of life.

De Clairville, impressed with an idea of the dangers which Julie must be exposed to in his absence, for some time

resolutely rejected all thoughts of escaping without her. Convinced at last, by her arguments, that if they attempted to escape together, their destruction would be inevitable, he yielded, though reluctantly. The only difficulty now was, to procure a disguise, and this the Marquise undertook to do, with Bryan's assistance, in the course of the ensuing day.

As neither de Clairville nor Julie had the slightest suspicion of La Roche, they summoned him early in the morning, and communicated to him the intelligence they had received, desiring, at the same time, that he would instantly employ the faithful Dempsey to procure a peasant's dress, which they both agreed in thinking was the best disguise that de Clairville could assume. The Marquis also signified to La Roche, his wish to take leave of his preserver, as he styled Bryan, and as it was settled that he was to try and escape that night, Bryan was to meet him in the steward's apartment.

Words would but ill describe the honest pride with which Dempsey heard the

honour he was to enjoy. He took care to execute his commission carefully, and to make his purchase as far as possible from the hotel of the Marquis. "Oh!" cried he, as he delivered the dress to La Roche, "if I could but cut myself into two halves now, that one half of me might go along with the poor Marquis, and the other stay with that blessed *crature*, my lady. Or if we had but time to practise a little, and that he would just put himself under me, I'd soon *tache* him to tell a few lies, that might stand him in *grate* stead, in time of need. Oh, murder! if he should after all fall into the hands of these blackguard spàlpeens, the *sans culottes*, he will be a lost man, for he'll never think of extricating himself out of their cursed clutches, by bothering them, as I would do, and putting them off the right scent; and then he has such a grand air with him, that let him be dressed ever so *mane*, you'll see the fine *ould* blood peeping out, in spite of the countryman's coarse coat. Oh, I believe, after all, I must go to take care of him;

only tell me Monsieur, La Roche, dear, *will* I?———"

"Heaven grant," replied the steward, "that my fears may prove unfounded; but I think the time will come, only too soon, when my poor lady will need us, Monsieur Dempsey; and I know, that the most acceptable service we can offer the Marquis, will be to remain with her."

This speech decided Bryan's wavering resolves. At night he met the Marquis, who solemnly gave the Marquise and his daughter in charge to him, and the faithful steward. Alas! it was only to these attached but humble friends, that the unhappy de Clairville dared assign the guardianship of all he held dear. Those who were like himself, noble, had either lost the power to save him, or, by a base desertion of their monarch, had rendered it dangerous to solicit their assistance, lest they should betray where they ought to protect.

While the faithful steward and Bryan waited in an anti-chamber, de Clairville folded his wife in what he feared would be

a last embrace. "My Julie," cried he, "ere I quit you, perhaps for ever, accord me your pardon. Alas! I fear I merit it not; yet, if Heaven should spare me, and re-unite us, I will deserve it."

Julie could not speak, but her countenance expressed all that de Clairville could have wished to hear, and breathing a blessing on her and his child, he snatched her once more to his heart, and hurried from her.

Let us leave the unhappy Marquise, wearying Heaven with prayers for her husband's safety, and follow the steps of de Clairville.

So well was he disguised, that for some time he passed unsuspected, and with the happy volatility peculiar to his nation, he was beginning to indulge in dreams of future felicity, when on his arrival at ———, through which town he was obliged to pass, he was detained as a suspicious person.

On reaching the town-hall, a man, who stood near it, looked at him attentively, and exclaimed to the bye-standers,

" That is a disguised aristocrat: I am certain he is the Marquis de Clairville."

At these words, de Clairville gave himself up for lost. " My poor Julie," thought he, " my forebodings were then prophetic, and we shall meet no more." He was conducted into the hall, and the moment he cast his eyes on the Mayor —— by whom he was to be interrogated, he felt certain that any thing he could say in his own defence would be unavailing, for this man, who was one of the noblesse, had joined the republican party from the beginning.

" 'Tis hard," thought de Clairville, " to be butchered, by the command of a traitor, whose base desertion of honour and principle has sunk him, even beneath the lowest of the mob." He raised his eyes and fixed them steadily, and even haughtily on the face of his interrogator, a face, whose unbending and even savage expression, must, had he entertained hope, have converted it into despair.

" So, citizen de Clairville," said he sternly, turning to the Marquis, after he

had heard the deposition of the person who had discovered him, "upon what traitorous errand are you going, thus disguised?"

"I have no reply to make to such a question, Monsieur de M——," answered de Clairville, firmly. "I am no traitor."

De M——, however, persisted in questions, to which the Marquis deigned not to reply. At length de M—— desired that he might be conducted to prison for that day, the next, he said, he should be sent back to Paris, to meet the fate he merited.

"Do not let your vengeance be suspended," exclaimed the agitated de Clairville, "let me die here!"

"No," replied de M——, "you must be judged by a higher tribunal;" and he motioned to the guards to remove him.

De Clairville could have borne instant death with fortitude, but the thought of what the Marquise would suffer, when she learned that he was returned to meet that death, in Paris, from which she vainly hoped that he had escaped by leaving it,

almost unmanned him; and throwing himself on the floor of his dungeon, he gave vent to his feelings in a violent burst of tears.

Poor de Clairville wanted, in this dreadful moment, the sweetest of all consolations, the consciousness of a well spent life. Deeply, bitterly, did he now regret his neglect of his moral and religious duties, while the thought that no time remained for expiation, harrowed up his soul.

It was evening when he entered the dungeon in which he was confined; and lost in the most agonizing reflections, he heeded not the progress of time. Soon after midnight, he heard the key turn in the door of his dungeon, it was unlocked, and a person, wrapped in a large cloak, and bearing a dark lanthorn in his hand, entered.

He advanced to de Clairville, calling to him at the same time in a low tone, "Monsieur le Marquis;" but the other, who immediately recognized the voice to be that of de M——, made no reply.

" Hear me, Monsieur de Clairville," cried M——, " I am come, if possible, to save you."

" To save me!" repeated the Marquis, incredulously.

" Yes, Monsieur de Clairville, spite of the abhorrence with which I plainly see you regard me, I will willingly risk my life to preserve yours: let my doing so be a lesson to you, not too hastily, in future, to condemn those whose principles differ from your own."

" Most generous of men," exclaimed de Clairville, starting from the ground, " how I have injured you! But can I, ought I, to accept a service, attended with such peril to yourself!"

" Listen to me attentively," cried de M——, we shall both be safe, provided you follow strictly the directions I shall give you. The persons who will conduct you to Paris are men in whom I cannot place any confidence, but they will stop on their way at the house of a man on whom I can depend, where they will remain for

the night. Take an opportunity, unperceived by them, to repeat to your host the words, "Humanity and fidelity," he will soon contrive to speak to you alone. You must then tell him that I have given you a dose of powder, which will make you appear for twelve hours dead, that I rely upon him to get rid of your guards in the best manner he can, and to secrete you till he sees a favourable opportunity for your escape from France; for, believe me, if you persist in staying in the republican territories, you are too marked a man to remain with safety. My friend, for though formerly my servant he is my friend, will supply you with cash when you leave him; and I pray you, Monsieur de Clairville, let no absurd scruples prevent you from accepting it. In this hour of danger, of universal calamity, what heart, possessed of but common humanity, would shrink from rendering to his fellow creature that assistance, which, alas! he may himself so shortly require?"

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the Mar-

quis, "how have I been mistaken! but tell me, dear de M——, how is it that with such a heart, such principles as yours, I see you the associate of wretches, from whose atrocities, a humane mind must shrink with horror?"

"I was impelled," replied de M——, "to join the republican party from principle. I believed that by doing so I should serve the glorious cause of liberty. Alas! I knew not then how prostituted would be her sacred name. I had advanced too far to recede with honour, before the visions, which my fancy had drawn of happiness to France from the new order of things, were dispelled by the anarchy with which I see my wretched country about to be overwhelmed. The post I hold, is, Heaven knows, repugnant to my feelings, but it enables me often to serve, and sometimes to save, those who are brought before me. Heaven grant you may be one of the number! And now, adieu, Marquis, I must leave you; and as you

value your safety, attend to the directions I gave you."

He then put a paper containing the powder into the hands of de Clairville, who threw himself into his arms, and fervently pressed him to his heart.

CHAPTER VII.

LEFT once more to himself, the Marquis again looked forward with hope. His journey commenced with the dawn, and at night his conductors stopped at the house of Monsieur Bancal, the person in whom the generous de M—— had such confidence. The Marquis perceived, with satisfaction, that while he was at supper, Bancal looked at him several times with an air of compassion, and he watched the first opportunity which presented itself to whisper to him the words, "Humanity and fidelity."

Bancal started and changed colour. Soon afterwards the Marquis begged to be allowed to take some repose, and Bancal desired a domestic to shew him to his chamber.

We may naturally suppose, that the Marquis waited with the greatest anxie-

ty for the arrival of his host, who did not, however, venture to approach his chamber till a late hour; and when he did, it was with an excess of caution, which proved how much he hazarded. The Marquis repeated to him the particulars of his interview with de M——, and Bancal immediately professed himself ready to serve him at any hazard.

"The first thing you must do, Monsieur," continued Bancal, "is to undress and get into bed. I will mix the powder, the efficacy of which I am no stranger to; it will throw you into a deep sleep for twelve hours, but it will not produce any unpleasant effects, although, while you remain in this sleep, or rather, I ought to call it trance, you will have no appearance of life. When you recover, do not be alarmed at finding yourself in utter darkness, for I must remove you from your chamber to a concealed place under ground.

Spite of his reliance on the generous de M——, the Marquis felt the greatest repugnance to swallow the draught, which

Bancal now presented to him; but a moment's recollection made him ashamed of what he justly considered a weakness, and hastily swallowing the draught, he retired to his couch. He had scarcely laid his head on the pillow, when he lost all consciousness, and Bancal, stealing softly from his chamber, heard with great satisfaction, as he passed that of the men that guarded him, that they were in a sound sleep.

The guards arose with the earliest dawn of the morning, and Bancal, who had taken care, that their breakfast should be ready, desired one of them to hasten the prisoner, as his only domestic was busy. The man returned in a few minutes, and declared, with an appearance of great consternation, that he believed the prisoner was dead. The other guards and Bancal immediately ran to his chamber, and the good Bancal had the satisfaction to see, that they entertained not the slightest suspicion of the real state of the case; indeed, the appearance of de Clairville was so truly death-

like, that it might have deceived the most penetrating eyes.

"These damned aristocrats are always plaguing us in some way or other!" cried one of the soldiers. "I heard citizen M—— say myself, that this one was likely to make discoveries of great importance; and now perhaps we may be brought into trouble, because he has thought proper to give us the slip by dying in this manner."

"Tut, you fool," cried another, "what trouble can they bring us into? We have had nothing to do with his death, and perhaps after all he may not be dead only in a trance."

These words made the heart of Bancal palpitate violently, but he forced himself to say, with an appearance of calmness, we had better ascertain that as soon as possible, I will send for *le médecin*, and he will let us know directly.

Bancal would not have been so ready to send for this village Esculapius, had he not known him to be a man whom one might lead any way with ease, by the help of a little flattery. Nevertheless, though

he endeavoured to think that there was no danger of detection, he was not a little relieved, when he heard *le mèderin* pronounce positively, that the prisoner was to all intents and purposes a dead man.

The guards immediately returned to N——. Bancal, having drawn up, at their desire, a detail of the transaction, which they took with them as well as the report of *le médecin.*

Bancal saw them depart with a light heart, but fearful that any thing should induce them to return, he hastened to remove the Marquis to the subterrannean concealment, which he had mentioned to him, where we will leave him for a while, and return to the Marquise.

Fortunately for Julie she remained in ignorance of the supposed death of her husband; but she had scarcely time to congratulate herself on his probable escape, when a circumstance occurred which threatened to deprive her of her little girl.

The very morning after the departure of the Marquis, some person who was obnoxious to the mob was murdered in

one of those dreadful riots which were then but too common in Paris. The bleeding head, stuck upon a pike, was paraded through the streets in savage triumph by the wretches who had perpetrated the atrocious act. One of the Marquise's female domestics was playing with the little Laure, now nearly five years old, in one of the front apartments, and hearing the savage yelling of the rioters, the girl imprudently ran to the window with the child in her arms. At that moment the ghastly head, still streaming with blood, met the eyes of the terrified child, whose loud screams brought the trembling Marquise from an inner apartment; but all her fond soothings were for some hours in vain; Laure screamed or sobbed incessantly, repeating at intervals *la tête! la tête!* which were the only words she uttered.

At length the exhausted child sunk into repose, and the Marquise throwing herself upon her knees by the bed-side of her darling, watched her slumbers with alternate hope and fear; but the latter was very soon predominant, her breathing soon be-

came disturbed, her delicate chcek was flushed with the deep glow of fever, and when at last she opened her eyes, she was evidently and alarmingly ill.

During three days Laure continued suspended between life and death. I will not speak of Julie's sufferings; they were such as an affectionate mother only can conceive. On the evening of the third day her recovery was pronounced possible, and the overcharged heart of Madame de Clairville found relief in a burst of tears, the first she had shed since the child's life was pronounced in danger.

Then, and not till then, Julie was able to reflect on the strange conduct of Madame de Touranges, who had not been near her for nearly a week, though she knew that the domestics had informed her of the child's danger. For some time before her aunt had abated much in the warmth of affection which she had usually displayed towards the Marquise, and Julie, though she would not allow herself to think so, certainly loved Madame de Touranges less, because she was lukewarm, or

rather worse than lukewarm, in the royal cause. She had more than once endeavoured to prevail on Julie to emigrate, and the Marquise's positive refusal to do so, had been treated by her as equally romantic and ill-judged. Still Julie could not believe that she had really forsaken her, and she wrote a few lines to beg her immediate presence,

She replied only by a verbal message that she had herself been, and still was, indisposed, but she made no promise of coming when she should be better. However, that night, at a late hour, and much muffled up, she presented herself at the Hotel de Clairville. The Marquise, forgetful of the unkindness which she had experienced from her, clasped her affectionately to her bosom.

Madame de Touranges, who was pale and agitated, scarcely returned the pressure. "Summon all your fortitude, Julie," cried she, "for I have that to relate which will call for it. Your husband, I find, has fled, at least it is believed by the D'Orleans' pa[illegible] the case."

Julie was silent, but her countenance betrayed that Madame de Touranges was correctly informed, and she proceeded.

"How de Clairville can reconcile this step with his duty to you, I know not, but I fear that it will prove your destruction. De Clairville has long been marked by them, and now that they conceive he has escaped their vengeance, it will fall with double fury on you, defenceless as you are."

"Let it!" cried the Marquise, firmly. "I fear them not, if de Clairville is but safe."

"These romantic flights, Madame de Clairville," replied her aunt, coldly, "can serve only to increase the danger by which you are already surrounded. I am come to you at the greatest possible danger to myself, to apprize you of the fate which awaits you, a fate, which you may, however, still escape, if you possess common sense enough to follow the plan which I shall chalk out for you; if you do not, the consequences must be on your own head, for I shall have done with you for ever."

Madame de Touranges paused, and Julie

oppressed almost to fainting, by the cruel speech which she had heard made, had scarcely voice to beg she would proceed.

"I know," continued she, "that in a few days you will be arrested, and you are well aware that, in those unhappy times, if you are even suspected, your death is certain. There is but one way to escape; go to-morrow and denounce your husband, he is probably already in safety, and whether he is so or not, your denunciation will not be a means of placing him in greater danger than he is already; while it will be a proof of your patriotism, which must at least at present disarm your enemies; and I think your future safety may be ensured through Monsieur de M——, who has, I know, long admired you, and whom you may, by a little management, easily make your friend."

"Friend!" exclaimed Julie. "Oh, may He in whom I trust keep me from such friends! No, Madame, if this is the price I must pay for existence, most gladly do I renounce it. The wretch who could buy life at such a price is indeed unfit to live."

"You will think differently perhaps," replied Madame de Touranges, scornfully, "when you are certain of that fate which I have vainly hazarded myself to save you from." She retired as she spoke, leaving Julie a prey to feelings which almost turned her brain.

Her child was her first thought: "But surely, surely," cried she, "they will not, cannot butcher her." To fly was impossible, and to remove Laure was equally so. She recollected that Madame de Touranges had spoken of the event as not likely to take place for some days, and she endeavoured to hope, that by that time she might be able, with the assistance of the faithful Bryan, to place the child in safety. Her own doom, she looked upon as sealed; yet she thought, that if she could but know that de Clairville was safe, and that Laure would one day be restored to him, she could resign herself to the guillotine, without a murmur.

During the next day, nothing further occurred to alarm the Marquise; but on

the following one, she was arrested, torn from her little Laure, whom she never expected to behold again, and deprived even of the opportunity of recommending her to the care of her faithful Bryan, for he, luckily for himself, was absent at the time; and poor old La Roche, the only one of her domestics, Bryan excepted, in whom she could confide, appeared so struck, so overwhelmed by the sight of his beloved mistress in the hands of ruffians, that he was incapable of attending to her reiterated request to save her child.

Madame de Clairville had scarcely been carried off, when Bryan returned, and found the Hotel de Clairville deserted by its inhabitants, La Roche and Laure excepted. The former had recovered presence of mind enough to beg that he might be suffered to remain with the child, and Bryan found the poor old man walking before the door of her apartment.

Often and vehemently did Bryan execrate his own ill luck, in being absent at

such a moment; but though, even more ardently attached than the steward to his mistress, he did not, like the poor old man, sink into hopeless despair; he buoyed his spirits up with the idea, that some means of saving the Marquise would occur, and not deeming it safe any longer to let Mademoiselle de Clairville remain in the Hotel, he hastened to place her under the care of Madame de Touranges.

To Bryan's utter dismay, that selfish and unprincipled woman refused to receive her, and poor Dempsey, who was absolutely turned out by her lacquey, got up behind the *fiacre*, in which he had placed Laure, unable to tell what he should do with his precious little charge.

For some moments the faithful fellow was so stunned by this unexpected blow, that he was nearly incapable of thinking, and when he did recover his faculties, the first use he made of them was to consign Madame de Touranges' body and soul to the devil; though he was fearful that even his infernal majesty would not be able to punish her sufficiently for her hard-

heartedness; but when he had a little relieved himself, by lavishing on her every term of reproach he could think of, and, to say the truth, they were not a few, he began to attend to the repeated enquiries of the driver of the *fiacre* where he was to go.

Bryan's first flame, the little Nina, had always been the real sovereign of his heart, whatever occasional homage he might do to the charms of others. Nina had a mother, a washerwoman, at whose house Bryan sometimes met his mistress; this woman appeared good natured, and from her Dempsey determined to ask an asylum for the unfortunate Laure.

CHAPTER VIII.

MADAME Bertrand, the washerwoman, had a heart which overflowed with the milk of human kindness; she had, besides, a profound respect for the noblesse: and from those two causes she welcomed the little unfortunate, with even maternal tenderness.

All her soothings, however, were ineffectual to quiet the still indisposed and terrified Laure, who wept incessantly, and begged Bryan would take her to her dear mamma, till the poor fellow's eyes ran over as much as her own.

At length she cried herself to sleep, and Bryan had then leisure to consider what steps he could take to serve his beloved lady.

La Roche, he knew, had in his possession jewels of value, and Bryan justly thought, that if *properly* applied, these

jewels might be a means of preserving the life of the Marquise, but he knew not to whom he could offer them.

In this respect he found Madame Bertrand a powerful auxiliary, she washed for the mistress of one of the most powerful members of the revolutionary tribunal. She introduced Bryan to this lady, and he found very little difficulty in *convincing* her, that madame was innocent of the crime imputed to her.

Till the day of trial arrived, however, Dempsey had not a moment's rest, but when he heard the Marquise, or as she was styled, Citizeness Clairville, pronounced innocent, his joy knew no bounds. The next moment, however, it was converted into horror, when a man rushing forward, declared, that he owed it to public justice, to accuse the citizeness of a crime committed long since; a crime, which could only be committed by a malignant and bloody aristocrat, who counted as nothing the lives of the people.

At this speech, a loud murmur of indignation against the unfortunate Julie ran

through the crowd, and Bryan, though utterly unconscious of what they were about to accuse her, gave her up as lost. The man, who had come forward, then preferred a formal charge against Julie Clairville, of having some years back, occasioned the loss of a citizen's life, by ordering her coachman to drive over him.

"Citizeness," said the president, "what have you to say to this charge?"

"That I am innocent of it," answered Madame de Clairville, calmly: "it is true, that such an accident did happen, but ——"

"Yes it did happen," cried Bryan, rushing forward, and requesting to be interrogated, as all the particulars were, he said, known to him.

At the sight of Bryan, Madame de Clairville was seen to turn very pale. The tribunal mistaking the cause of her emotion, believed that it proceeded from her supposing that she saw in him a fresh accuser. Some of the members, who had seen with indignation that one aristocrat was likely to escape their san-

guinary rage, now eagerly called out, to let that witness be examined; and Bryan, scarcely able to speak, much less to think, from the excess of his emotion, was placed at the bar.

One glance from Julie had an almost magical effect upon his faculties, he seemed to enter with astonishing, and almost intuitive quickness, into the characters of those he had to deal with; and instead of confining himself to a simple detail of the fact, he boldly asserted that the prisoner was a true patriot, and an excellent citizen.

To prove this assertion, he repeated the personal services which she had rendered him, after the accident had happened, and he took care to flatter the pride of the sovereign people, by ascribing them not to the real cause, humanity, but to a sense of justice and equality between herself and the sufferer. He dwelt particularly on the kind expressions she had made use of, while cutting the hair from the wound on his head, and he triumphantly asked, who could recognize the proud aristocrat

in the good citizeness who thought that she never could do enough to repair the mischief which her coachman, and not herself, had caused.

Bryan mingled in his harangue many protestations of attachment to the republic, and many compliments to the wisdom of the tribunal, on whose justice he seemed implicitly to rely for Julie's acquittal.

French fickleness, their enthusiasm of the head, which for a moment bewilders the imagination without affecting the heart, has caused the most horrible mischiefs, but in this instance it was favourable to the cause of virtue and justice; Citizeness Clairville was acquitted, and Bryan, happier than the greatest potentate on earth, conducted her to the apartment of Madame Bertrand.

Conceive, reader, what were the feelings of the doating mother, what her gratitude to Bryan, when she clasped Laure to her heart, and blessed him as the preserver of both.

She saw clearly that in Paris she could have little hope of safety; yet she

dared not leave it, dared not at least openly direct her steps to La Vendée, lest, by so doing, she should endanger the safety of her husband.

All the property of de Clairville had been confiscated in consequence of his flight, but the faithful La Roche had yet some money and a few jewels. These Julie determined to husband with the greatest frugality, and as she dared not immediately leave Paris, she resolved to remain with Madame Bertrand, to whom she was attached from her kindness to Laure, for a little time, till she could arrange some plan for the future.

Two days after her escape from the fangs of the revolutionary tribunal, La Roche came to her with a countenance so full of woe that she saw instantly something dreadful had happened, and her fears immediately pointing to the Marquis, she exclaimed: " de Clairville is dead! I know he is; I see it in your countenance!"

La Roche had just learned the Marquis's supposed fate, but the fact of his death appeared so certain, that he dared

not venture to soothe the agony of the miserable Julie by even a gleam of hope. If the loss of a beloved object is so keenly felt by those who are surrounded by friends and uninjured in fortune, how bitter must have been the feelings of the bereaved Marquise, who saw herself stripped of husband, friend, and fortune, almost at the same moment; for the property of de Clairville had been confiscated on account of his alledged treachery to the State.

It was fortunate for our poor forlorn one that she was a mother, since, but for her little Laure, she must have sunk under her sufferings; but the wish to save her child gave her strength to struggle with them. To convey Laure in safety from a country, in which innocence no longer found refuge, was now her only wish; but it was a wish which she saw no prospect of accomplishing.

Chance, or rather we should say Providence, in this instance befriended her. Among the English then residing in Paris, was Lady Harriet Grantham. Nina had

quitted the lady with whom she lived when Bryan first knew her, to enter the service of Lady Harriet, who was a woman of great humanity. Perceiving at the time of Madame de Clairville's arrest, that something weighed heavy on the spirits of Nina, Lady Harriet had interrogated her respecting the cause of it, and learned that it proceeded from the danger of the Marquise.

CHAPTER IX.

NINA'S artless account of Madame de Clairville warmly interested the benevolent Lady Harriet in her favour; and when she learned soon afterwards the death of de Clairville, she resolved to see, and if possible, to serve the unhappy widow.

Heart-wounded as Julie was, she was of too grateful and affectionate a temper to be insensible to Lady Harriet's kindness; and when she expressed her earnest wish to quit France, the benevolent Lady Harriet determined, if possible, to assist her in doing so, though she was fully conscious that by assisting her she must herself run considerable risk.

Lady Harriet had entertained thoughts of returning to England for some time, and by expediting her departure she hoped to be able to take Madame de Clairville with her in the character of her

femme-de-chambre; but still there was a difficulty, and one which neither of the ladies knew how to get over; this was the manner in which she should contrive to take Laure.

Lady Harriet judged, and very rightly, that the circumstance of her *femme-de-chambre* taking a child with her to England, would give rise to suspicions which might perhaps be fatal both to Madame de Clairville and the little girl. "If," said she, to the Marquise, "Laure was something older, I might have passed her for my own, but she is so young, and so passionately fond of you, that I fear it would be impossible to make her concur in such a deception, and if she betrays that you are her mother, you are lost."

Bryan, who was in waiting when this conversation took place, looked so wistfully upon his mistress, that she immediately said, "I see by your countenance, Dempsey, that you have something to propose, and I am sure Lady Harriet will excuse your telling what it is."

"Why, then," cried Bryan, "if I may

make *bould* to say so, madame, I think that I know a way to make Mademoiselle Laure acknowledge her ladyship there for her mother with all the readiness in life."

"If you can do that, my good Dempsey," cried Lady Harriet, "you will be our better angel; and I will apply for a passport directly, in which I shall include you Dempsey as my own footman. But how do you think you will be able to tutor the child?"

Dempsey begged leave to decline telling what he meant to do, promising that in one hour her ladyship should see whether he was too sanguine; and he retired to try what he could do with Laure, who was excessively fond of him.

He recollected the sufferings which the child had undergone when she saw the ghastly head: she had several times afterwards questioned him about it, but he only told her in general terms, that it was the head of a poor man whom the mob had killed; and the child, whose feelings were uncommonly quick, never heard from

that time of any one being killed without shuddering.

Laure doated on her mother, and Bryan thought that if he could once impress her with a belief that the Marquise would be killed if she, Laure, did not declare that Lady Harriet was her mother, she would persist in saying so, and they could then escape in safety.

He almost repented of his experiment when he saw the effect which the mention of her mother's death produced upon the sensitive child; but he succeeded in pacifying her by repeated declarations, that no harm could happen to the Marquise, provided Laure declared Lady Harriet was her mamma.

In short, by the time the hour had elapsed, Laure was so perfect in her lesson, that when Bryan introduced her into the room, in which the Marquise and her mother were, and desired her to shew him which was her mamma, she went directly up to Lady Harriet, and said, "This is she, this is my mamma." But at the moment when she said it, she cast a mournful and affec-

tionate look at her own mother, and her little eyes filled with tears.

Lady Harriet clasped her fondly to her bosom, and Bryan then related the means he had used to make her say what they wished. The Marquise would have been very glad if any other means had been employed, but as she knew that no other could have been so effectual, she endeavoured to be satisfied, and to hope that Laure would not be intimidated by the rude enquiries of the police into a disclosure of the truth.

In two days a passport was obtained for Lady Harriet, her daughter, and their domestics. By the advice of her ladyship, Julie cut off the greatest part of her beautiful auburn hair, and stained the little that remained with a black die. She also used a liquid which gave to her clear and beautiful complexion a sallow tint, and dressing herself in a very plain manner, in the English fashion, she waited with a beating heart for the arrival of the moment in which she was to be questioned by the police.

At length they arrived. Lady Harriet who was a widow, and of middle age, concealed very successfully her terror under an air of dignity, and answered the enquiries they put to her with readiness and self-possession.

"So," cried one of them, casting a look of suspicion on Julie, "this woman is your *femme-de-chambre*, is she, *mi Ladi?*"

Lady Harriet replied in the affirmative.

"I do not think, however," cried he looking still more scrutinizingly at the Marquise, "that she has the air of a *femme-de-chambre.*"

Wishing to appear as if she misunderstood him, Lady Harriet replied haughtily, "Perhaps not, *Monsieur;* I do not suffer my domestics to dress in the fashion of your country."

"But this woman does not look like a domestic," cried he, in a surly tone; "and then her hands," rudely grasping one of them as he spoke, and examining it, "are not those of one who is accustomed to do anything."

"English ladies of my rank, *Monsieur*,"

replied Lady Harriet, "do not make drudges of those servants who are employed about their persons."

"And your child, where is she, *mi Ladi?*"

Lady Harriet now motioned to Bryan, who retired, but returned in a few minutes with Laure. The child walked up to Lady Harriet without speaking.

The fellow eyed by turns the Marquise, the little girl, and her ladyship with a dissatisfied and even ferocious air. He muttered something to himself.

"So, Mademoiselle," cried he, "you are going to England with your mamma?" "Yes, Monsieur," answered the little girl, in a timid tone. "And pray" cried he, "which of those ladies is your mamma?"

At this abrupt question, and the terrible look which accompanied it, Julie gave herself up for lost; but Laure immediately replied without the least hesitation, "This is my mamma;" and as she spoke she took Lady Harriet's hand.

Though it was evident that they still entertained suspicions, they expressed no farther doubts. As soon as they had finished

their examination, Lady Harriet presented them with some money, and they concluded their visit with much more civility than they began it.

It will be readily believed that our travellers lost no time in getting on board; and when Julie saw her child, her all on earth in safety, she once more admitted to her widowed heart the stranger, joy.

She had still a few diamonds, and though the money which would arise from the sale of them was too trifling to be a permanent support, yet she knew it would maintain her for some time, and she hoped that ere many months had elapsed, she would be able to return to France, and obtain some part, at least, of the property so unjustly confiscated; for she, like most of the royalists at that period, supposed that a change favourable to the royal cause must soon take place.

Lady Harriet warmly insisted upon Madame de Clairville's remaining with her, but Julie's independent spirit could not brook the thought of doing so for any considerable time. She knew, besides,

that Lady Harriet was not rich, and she determined, as soon as she decently could, consistently with the gratitude which she owed to her ladyship, to leave her and go into a lodging suited to her finances.

Bryan's joy at the escape of the Marquise and Laure would have been almost too much for his reason, had it not been damped by his regrets for the loss of his master, and his fears that he should never again see Nina, of whom he was extremely fond.

He had, however, delicacy enough to keep his regrets for his mistress a secret from the Marquise; but she knew that he felt them, and she endeavoured to console him by holding out the hope, which she herself felt, that they should soon return. Bryan could not share this hope, but he rejoiced to see that it supported Madame de Clairville's spirits.

CHAPTER X.

As Lady Harriet had no house in London, she took a small one ready furnished. "Here, my dear Madam de Clairville," siad she, as she welcomed Julie to her abode, "we shall, thank Heaven! sit down in peace and comfort; and I hope you will remain long enough with me, to enable me to teach you to love England and the English."

"You have taught the latter part already," replied the Marquise, gratefully pressing her hand; "but, dearest Lady Harriet, you do not seem well after your voyage; had you not better have some advice?"

Lady Harriet refused, observing, that her illness was a mere nothing; but the next day she was so ill as to be obliged to send for a physician, and he declared that

as her disorder was an inflamation of the lungs, she was in a very alarming state.

An express was immediately dispatched to her ladyship's sister, who was then in a distant part of England, but in a few hours after it had set out, her Ladyship breathed her last in the arms of the Marquise.

Julie would have lamented Lady Harriet's death under any circumstances, but at this moment it came upon her like a thunder clap; and forgetful of that submission to the will of Providence, which she had been early taught, she breathed a fervent prayer that death would end her wretchedness.

Her wish was hardly uttered, when she saw her presumption in its true light. She endeavoured to submit with Christian resignation, to the decrees of Heaven, and though her tears still flowed for her deceased friend, they flowed with less bitterness, for they were no longer the tears of despair.

A few days brought Mr. Corbett, the brother-in-law of Lady Harriet, to London;

her sister was then lying in of her fourth child, and he had not judged it right to reveal the melancholy intelligence to her.

Mr. Corbett, who was sordidly avaricious, no sooner learned who the Marquise was, and the cause of her being with his sister-in-law, than he set her down as a person who would have proved a burthen to Lady Harriet, whom he always disliked for the generosity of her disposition, and being resolved that she should not be one to him, he informed her, with very little ceremony, that it was his wish she should remove directly.

The heart of Julie felt a pang for which she reproached herself the next moment. "After all I have endured," thought she, "how weak, how even childish it is of me to suffer this man's brutality to affect me." Yet, spite of herself, it did affect her, for her spirit though gentle was high; but she did not sit down inactively to give way to regrets for her altered state, she set about the necessary preparations for her removal.

The first thing to be thought of was to get a lodging, and Julie summoned Bryan to procure one for her, but when she expressed to him that it must be a very, very humble one, or else she should not long be able to pay for it, the poor fellow burst into tears.

"*Sacre Dieu!*" cried he, "that I should live to see this day! to hear you, Madame, talk of going into a *chape* lodging: *och, hone!* and you don't know how dear the *chape* lodgings are in London, for to tell you the truth, I have been looking about already."

"But I am afraid, my good Bryan, that you have not looked at any humble enough to suit the state of my finances. Indeed, my friend, I see clearly that you consider rather what I was, than what I am."

"Sure, and I don't, Madame, for you are, and you were, and you always will be, Madame la Marquise de Clairville."

"But you must learn to forget my title."

"Then I must *larn* to forget to *spake;* and why should I try to forget it? what *rason* on earth can there be, in a Christian country, for a lady like you to drop your title?"

"But how will my title agree with my poverty?"

"Poor or rich, it is a comfort any how for us to have it known that we do not belong to *la cannaille*."

"Dempsey," said Madame de Clairville, gravely, "the expression you have just used, is one which I have never in my life repeated, nor do I wish to hear it. Severely has the wanton contempt, which those who first introduced it, have testified for the poor and lowly, been punished. For myself, it is my decided resolution to drop my title, till happier days may put it in my power to support the appearance due to my rank; and I expect from your good sense, and your tried regard for me, that you will in future speak of me and address me as Madame de Clairville."

"By the powers!" cried Byran, "if it was my own hearts blood you asked, you should have it, Madame la Marquise. I must just say the words for the last time, because it is a sort of leave-taking like, but it is what I never will do again, till I have your permission; and for fear that I

might not remember to forget your title, I'll *sware aginst* it this very night."

"Swear against it!" repeated Julie, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes; that is, I'll take my oath never to use it, and I can't *brake* my oath, so the *sacret* will be safe."

"But I will take your word, Bryan."

"Indeed, and you won't, if you *plase*, Madame, for it would not be safe at all, since I could not help blabbing it out for the life of me, but if I *sware*, then I can't *parjure* myself, and now I'll go about the lodgings. But sure, Madame, if I don't say who you are, at least I may give a little hint what you are, and just signify to them, that if we don't engage grand lodgings, at least we have been accustomed to a fine hotel."

Julie saw that it would be of little use to argue the point, she hurried Bryan away, and as soon as he was gone she set about preparing for her departure.

Her trinkets and some rich lace were in a small trunk, which she had locked in a closet in her bed-chamber. The key of

this closet had never been out of her possession, nevertheless the trunk was gone. Madame de Clairville instantly communicated her loss to Mr. Corbett, who sent directly for the Bow Street officers, but their search was in vain, no trace of the property could be obtained, and the unfortunate Julie saw herself nearly pennyless in a country, where she had not a single friend, and with the language of which she was very imperfectly acquainted.

For some moments she seemed as if stunned by this unexpected and terrible blow; but soon the recollection of her child, and the thought of her faithful Bryan's distress, roused her to exertion. She examined the contents of her purse, and found that she could exist for a few days, "and in that time," thought she, "with Heaven's assistance, I may devise some plan for the future."

Bryan soon returned with an account that he had found a lodging; but although the terms for which he had agreed were moderate, they were now far beyond what Madame de Clairville could afford to go

to, and he was dispatched in search of a more humble abode.

During that day, and a great part of the next the poor fellow searched in vain; and when at last he found one, it required all Julie's fortitude to bear the agonies with which he witnessed her removal to it.

The poor fellow could have presented himself to the guillotine with more firmness than he evinced, when he followed Madame de Clairville into the garret, which was to be her habitation at least for for some time. But wretched, indeed, must be the habitation which the hand of gratitude and affection cannot embellish. Bryan had taken care to have a good fire, he had also made some excellent coffee, and a small loaf, of as [illegible]d bread as she could have had in P[illegible] would, he hoped, tempt Madam[illegible] to e[illegible]

Cheering indeed at this moment to the unfortunate *émigrée*, was the attention of this faithful though humble creature. "No," said she, "I have not lost all, let me be thankful that I still possess that greatest of treasures, a sincere friend."

French women before the revolution were famous for their skill in fancy and fine works, in the former, indeed, they set competition at defiance. Julie possessed great ingenuity and elegant taste; she had, when in the convent, been famed for her skill and cleverness, and she now determined to try and convert what had formerly been practised by her as an amusement, into a means of existence.

CHAPTER XI.

In order to procure materials for her work it was necessary for her to part with some of her clothes, and in this business she was, though reluctantly, obliged to employ Bryan, who being no match for the cunning of London dealers in second-hand clothes, obtained a sum barely sufficient to procure what would be necessary to begin with.

While Madame de Clairville was prosecuting her plan, Bryan on his side was not idle. He had wilfully deceived her respecting the rent of their lodgings, which consisted of two rooms, or rather one tolerably large room, and a small closet, which served the double purposes of a kitchen, and a bed-chamber for Bryan.

For these apartments, situated on the attic story, and containing very little furniture, and that, with the exception of Ma-

dame de Clairville's bed, of the meanest description, the landlady insisted upon twelve shillings a week; "because," as she observed, "when people take folks that nobody knows, they ought to have something extra for the risk they run."

This speech sent the affronted Bryan speedily away, but he was forced, though reluctantly, to return, because he could do no better; and being resolved not to make his mistress uneasy, he told her they were only half the price he had agreed to give for them.

How to employ himself so as to gain these six shillings, and something more to help their house-keeping besides, was now a matter of serious consideration to Bryan. At length, after revolving the subject repeatedly, he determined to offer himself as an assistant to some of the servants in the neighbourhood, and the following day he set out in good spirits, not doubting that English servants would be glad to put themselves under the tuition of a Parisian lacquey.

But poor Bryan, like many other specu-

lators, had reckoned without his host, his brogue betrayed his country; and as the lower class of the English dislike the Irish nearly as much as they do the French, Dempsey found it almost impossible to get admittance among them. In vain did he boast of the universality of his talents, he could get no opportunity to display them, and but for the good nature of a countryman of his own, who put some little jobs in his way, he would have been in absolute despair.

The landlady had stipulated for payment every week. The sale of Bryan's watch enabled him to be punctual during the first fortnight, and also gave him means to provide for the frugal table of Madame de Clairville, without depriving her entirely of the little money she had. Julie, who did not suspect the kind deception which Bryan had practised upon her, often expressed her surprise that things were so cheap.

At length two trimmings and some pretty toys were finished, and Julie, ac-

companied by Bryan, set out to dispose of them.

This trial was a bitter one to Julie, but she knew that it was not likely Bryan would be able to dispose of them by himself. She would indeed have gladly dispensed with his attendance, because she expected to encounter mortification, which she wished to keep from his knowledge, but she was too imperfectly acquainted with the English language to venture to go alone.

After trying several shops in vain, Madame de Clairville at last entered one, in which a little shrivelled old woman was busied in arranging some trimmings in a box; her countenance and air were so indisputably French, that Julie, who conceived herself very fortunate in meeting with a countrywoman, advanced with more confidence than she had hitherto felt, to offer the trimmings which she had to sell.

She spoke in French, and Madame la Tour replied in the same language, that she had already more trimmings than she

knew what to do with; she added, in an insolent tone, "that she believed nobody was so pestered by the emigrants as she was, and she could not relieve them all."

Deeply wounded by this insolent and unfeeling speech, Madame de Clairville was turning away without deigning to reply; but Bryan, whose small stock of patience had been pretty well exhausted before they entered the shop of Madame la Tour, was now so completely enraged, that he demanded, in a very angry tone, what she meant.

"Mean," cried she, "I think my meaning is pretty plain."

"Why then, I suppose," replied the incensed Bryan, "you'd have the impudence to insinuate, that my lady, Madame la Mar—, I mean, that my mistress wants relief from a trumpery *bourgeoise* like you. Sure, and its pretty *tratentent* you give to a lady, who would do you the honour to furnish you with such things as you never before clapped your ill-looking eyes upon."

During this speech, Madame de Clair-

ville had advanced to the door, which she was just opening, when a young man entered the shop, and Madame la Tour called out, "Oh, Mr. Morrison, I am so glad you are come; do for Heaven's sake turn this brute of an Irishman into the street directly."

Greatly alarmed, Julie now caught the arm of Bryan; but the young man, far from shewing any disposition to execute the orders of Madame la Tour, told her very respectfully not to be frightened, for he supposed there must be some mistake between Madame and the gentleman.

Dempsey, whose anger was instantly dispelled, now in a few words explained what had passed, and taking up the box containing the trimmings was leaving the shop, when Morrison civilly requested a sight of them.

"Are you mad, Bob," cried the angry Madame la Tour; "don't you know that we have more of these things than we know what to do with?"

"No matter, ma'am, I have particular reasons for wishing to see these," replied

he; and when Madame de Clairville opened them, he asked his mistress, for he was the head shopman, whether she did not think they would be worth her attention.

"I don't know," cried she, ungraciously, "they are not badly done, but we have so many hands. What do you expect for them?" continued she, turning to Madame de Clairville.

To this question, Julie replied by a request that Madame la Tour would herself name a price. After some affected reluctance she acceded, but to the utter dismay of Madame de Clairville, she offered very little more than would pay for the materials of the trimmings.

Thunderstruck at what she thought the total defeat of all her hopes, Julie faintly replied that she could not part with them for that, and was turning away, when Morrison again interposed.

"Come, come, Madame la Tour," cried he, "this lady is not used to bargaining, and you may venture to give more." He whispered something, and

they walked aside and spoke together for a few minutes. Madame la Tour then came forward and offered a larger sum, which although it was very far short of what she expected, Julie gladly accepted. Morrison seeing the toys, told her that if she would entrust them to him, he thought he should be able to dispose of them for her.

At these words, Madame la Tour regarded Julie with a very angry air, but she refrained from saying any thing; and Julie, taking up the price of her trimmings quitted the shop, unconscious of the storm which her mischievous charms had raised in the breast of its owner.

In fact, Madame la Tour, who had not been long a widow, was very much captivated with Morrison, who was young, rather handsome, and of an amiable temper. She fully determined, in due time, to bestow her hand upon him; and the visible admiration with which he regarded Julie, though it was of the most respectful nature, inspired her with a jealous dislike to our heroine, which made her resolve,

never, if she could help it, to employ her again.

Her excessive avarice, however, prevented her from listening to the suggestions of her jealousy. Morrison had just received an order for some trimmings, and those which Madame de Clairville had offered, would, he thought, suit the taste of the lady who had given it. His conjecture was just, and the trimmings were so much admired, that Madame la Tour speedily had orders for more of the same pattern.

As Julie had left her address, Madame la Tour herself called to order the trimmings, and our poor wanderer now congratulated herself that she should, if Heaven spared her health, have a means of existence for herself, her little girl, and her faithful domestic.

She had indeed debated the expediency of parting with Bryan, or rather of endeavouring to obtain for him a situation in some family, but the agony with which the poor fellow received the proposal, afforded her an excuse for the indulgence of her own feelings in retaining him.

Fortune now began, in Bryan's estimation, to smile upon him also; he was employed sometimes as a messenger by the party-coloured gentry in the neighbourhood; his diligence, punctuality, and good humour, soon recommended him to other jobs. He began to get money, and if he could have seen Madame de Clairville in health, he would once more have been happy, but it was obvious that she declined daily; her strength and appetite both failed her, and she seemed only the shadow of her former self.

CHAPTER XII.

This alteration in her person was attributable solely to the state of her mind. She had at first borne up under her misfortunes, because she had in fact no leisure to grieve; affection for her daughter stimulated her to make those exertions absolutely necessary to the preservation of her darling; but as soon as her child was in safety, and she had a prospect of supporting her, she reverted again to the past, and the death of the Marquis, mysterious and sudden as she was taught to believe it, was a weight upon her heart, which she could not shake off.

Spite of the foibles, or rather to call them by their right name, the vices of de Clairville, Julie was tenderly, and devotedly attached to him; but the anguish which his loss inflicted, would have been comparatively light, if she had had the

consolation of knowing that he died as a Christian ought to die. Alas! she had but too much reason to suppose that he was ill prepared to meet the awful summons, and this corroding reflection, while it preyed upon her heart, undermined daily the springs of life.

Julie did not passively yeild to her feelings; she struggled to subdue them, but she struggled in vain; she resigned herself implicitly to the will of Heaven, but one fearful image still haunted her, that one was, the expiring de Clairville, cut off, perhaps, without even time to implore the mercy of an offended Deity.

Human nature could not have supported much longer the conflict of mind which Julie was suffering under, but that gracious Providence, who proportions the sufferings of his creatures to their strength, deigned to give an unexpected and delightful termination to hers.

One day, as Bryan was going to Madame la Tour's with some work, which the Marquise had just finished, he saw a gentleman approaching him, who, though

pale, emaciated, and very ill dressed, was so strikingly like de Clairville, that Dempsey, in a mingled transport of doubt and hope stood still gazing upon him. As he drew near he raised his fine dark eyes, their expression could not be mistaken, in one moment Dempsey had clasped the Marquis with almost frantic joy in his arms, the next, he was on his knees in the midst of the dirt, imploring his dear master to pardon his presumption.

"My wife and child" cried de Clairville, hastily raising him, "oh, tell me are they safe?"

"Safe enough, Heaven be praised," cried Bryan; "and sure, there never were happier *cratures* in the world, than we shall all be in the middle of our misery, now that thanks to *le bon Dieu*, we have got you *mon cher maître* again."

Wholly forgetful of Madame la Tour, Dempsey now turned his steps homewards along with the Marquis, who endeavoured, but in vain, to obtain some account of what had befallen his family since he quitted them. Bryan's head was not at any

time the clearest, and he now jumbled together some of the past occurrences, intermingled with his own reflections on them, his regrets for the Hotel de Clairville, and apologies for the poor place to which he was taking Monsieur le Marquis. All this he delivered with a volubility that defied interruption, and they stopped at the door of Madame de Clairville's lodgings, before the Marquis could impress upon him the necessity there was to prepare her for his approach.

De Clairville was extremely unwilling to intrust so delicate a business to him, but there was no alternative; and Bryan, protesting that he would shew himself the pink of discretion, entered the room leaving the Marquis at the door.

" You are soon returned, Dempsey," said Madame de Clairville, with some surprise, " have you seen Madame la Tour?"

Thus recalled to a recollection of his errand, Bryan replied, without hesitation, " Oh, yes, Madame."

" Well, and what did she say?"

" Why, she said, that is, she desired me

to say——, hang me if I can recollect a word about it."

Madame de Clairville looked up at Bryan with astonishment, but when she beheld him burst into tears she was excessively alarmed.

"Some new, some dreadful misfortune has happened," cried she, "speak, I conjure you! tell me what it is."

Poor Dempsey was some moments before he could comply, at last he sobbed out that it was no misfortune at all, but that he was almost *kilt* with joy, and he was afraid she would be so too, when she came to know ——

"Joy," interrupted she, with a melancholy but incredulous smile, "there is no more joy for me now."

Dempsey had now recovered himself a little, and he managed with more dexterity than de Clairville had hoped or expected, to break the happy tidings to the transported Julie.

We shall pass over the scene which followed; suffice it to say, that if ever hap-

piness, pure unmixed happiness was for a few hours the portion of mortals, it was enjoyed by the de Clairvilles' and their attached domestic.

But when the first raptures of the Marquis and Julie had subsided, and they began to consider about the future, it presented a sad gloomy prospect. Poor de Clairville was absolutely pennyless; he had suffered much in endeavouring to effect his escape, and his sufferings had, as his looks plainly indicated, seriously injured his health.

On recovering from thestuporin to which the powder had thrown him, he was concealed by Bancal for some days, and then supplied with money to prosecute his escape from France, for the arguments of Bancal convinced him that there was no chance of safety for him if he remained in it. Bancal pledged himself to take means that Julie should be apprized of his departure for England; and de Clairville, impressed most deeply with feelings, such as he would once have believed it impossible

for a republican to excite in his bosom, took leave of the good Bancal, and pursued his journey according to his directions.

Unfortunately for the Marquis he fell into the hands of one of those hordes of banditti, who at time scoured the country. The object of these men was to plunder all whom they met, and those who had the misfortune to fall into their power might deem themselves fortunate if they escaped with life. The impetuous Marquis was rash enough to make resistance, and was left wounded and senseless on the ground.

In this condition he was found by a peasant, who perceiving that he still breathed, removed him to his cottage, in which he had already sheltered, at the hazard of his life, a venerable ecclesiastic. To this good father who was one of the *Frères de la charité*, de Clairville was indebted for his recovery from his wounds, and what was of much more importance, for a just way of thinking, and a grateful sense of the mercies he had received.

Perhaps the time most favourable to

virtuous resolutions is, when we are confined by mere bodily weakness, without suffering any acute pain: we have then leisure to look into ourselves, and although our good resolutions may not be very stable, they are in general fervent. De Clairville, like most of his nation, thought as little as he could; but reflection would now obtrude itself upon him, and with thought came the consciousness, that if his sufferings were severe, they were not undeserved.

Fortunate, most fortunate, was it for de Clairville that his mind had escaped the dire contagion of infidelity; his return, therefore, to the duties and the consolations of religion, was comparatively an easy task; and at the end of a few weeks he quitted the cottage of the hospitable Jacques in perfect health both of body and mind.

The good father, St. André, had given de Clairville a supply of cash, a small one indeed, but all that the benevolent priest could raise; and by the practice of the most extreme frugality, de Clairville made it last till his arrival in London.

He was fortunate enough to meet with a countryman in better circumstances than himself, who freely shared with him what he possessed; but to sit down quiet under a sense of obligation was repugnant both to the feelings and the spirit of de Clairville, and although he had been but a few days his friend's guest, he had already revolved many projects to earn a subsistence.

"Let us think of nothing now, dear de Clairville," cried the Marquise, as he ended his narrative, "but the re-establishment of your health; when that is once recovered, as I hope it soon will be, fear not that with Heaven's assistance we shall do well."

De Clairville feared that his Julie was too sanguine, but he could not bear to damp her happiness by saying so. The event, however, proved that he was right. His health, injured by hardships and severe abstinence, grew worse rather than better, and Madame de Clairville, as she saw the ravages which disease was making in his form, feared more than once that she had

recovered him only to endure the misery of seeing him daily decline before her eyes.

Spite of de Clairville's entreaties, nay commands, that she would spare herself, she laboured incessantly, but her work produced so little, that even with the money Bryan earned, it was insufficient for anything like a comfortable maintenance for their family; and to add to her distress and mortification, there was a small sum due from Madame la Tour, for which she had repeatedly applied but in vain.

One morning, when Julie found that her little stock of money was not sufficient to carry her through the day, she observed to the Marquis that she felt herself much oppressed with a head ahe, and he, as she expected, proposed to her to seek relief from the air. Laure also petitioned for a walk, and taking her by the hand, Madame de Clairville, followed by Dempsey, set out for the house of Madame la Tour.

As Julie walked she settled in her own mind that she would plainly tell Madame la Tour that she really wanted the money,

and could not do without it; but her resolution to speak plainly lasted only till she entered the shop, for the moment that she cast her eyes upon Madame la Tour, she felt it impossible to make a peremptory demand for her money.

CHAPTER XIII.

Madame la Tour, who was speaking to a genteel looking, but very plainly dressed young woman, scarcely deigned a word in return for the respectful salute of our heroine, who drawing to another part of the counter, determined to wait till Madame was alone, before she opened her business.

" I think," said the young person, as if continuing a conversation, which Julie's entrance had given a momentary interruption to, that " you offer very little, considering what you must get for these things."

" Get, indeed," repeated Madame la Tour, with a sneer, " it is a sign, ma'am, you know little of people of quality, such as my customers are. I grant, that if they all paid their debts, I might get something, though not so much as you sup-

pose; but think of the long credit I am obliged to give, and perhaps never get paid at last."

"But surely they do not all serve you in this way," said the young person. "I thought the Duchess of ——, and the Countess ——, and Lady ——, all of whom I know deal with you, were ready money people, or at least people who do not take long credit."

Madame la Tour was conscious that this was true, and not knowing very well how to answer it, she turned to Julie and said in a very insolent tone; "I suppose you are come after money, but its of no use, so you need not wait."

This coarse speech brought the blood into Julie's cheek, she raised her eyes as if intending to reply, but dropped them, on perceiving those of the stranger fixed on her with a look of interest; they were however instantly withdrawn, and she resumed her conversation with Madame la Tour.

"If you really cannot give any more, I must take these things back again, for I

am certain that the person who worked them, and who means to try in future to earn a subsistence that way, must starve if she was to work for such prices."

"She would be no worse off than others," replied Madame, rudely; "none of my people have more, and I have never heard that any of them died of hunger."

"Perhaps not," said the young person, coolly, "but in your place, I should fear the strong probability that some of them, and those, too, not naturally ill inclined, might be driven to procure the necessaries which your employment will certainly not afford them, by means not strictly honest."

"And if they do, pray what is that to me? I am not responsible for what others do, I suppose? But I protest I am losing my whole morning here to no purpose;" and she was turning to go into her parlour, when Julie advancing, begged of her, in French, to give her even a part of what was due, as it would be of the greatest service.

"Really," returned she, in the same

language, "you are extremely troublesome and importunate; I have told you already that I have no money."

"I dare say," cried the stranger, coolly, "that I can accommodate you, Madame la Tour, with a sufficient sum to settle with this lady, for a part of my business here is to pay you a bill, the last you will ever receive from Lady N———."

"Bless me," cried the alarmed Madame la Tour, "how have I been so unfortunate as to offend her ladyship? I have not a better customer, and I am sure I would make any apology, do any thing in the world, to regain her ladyship's favour."

"Her favour can never be bestowed upon a woman deficient in humanity to her own sex; and you, Madame la Tour, are doubly culpable in this respect, since you owe every thing to the kindness of the person to whom you were a journey-woman."

Before Madame la Tour could reply, Lady N———'s carriage drove up, and the young person taking out of her purse

some bank notes, delivered them to Madame la Tour, who was by this time completely frightened out of her insolent airs. She handed to Julie the small sum due to her, and turning again to the stranger, began to make fresh professions of sorrow for having offended Lady N———.

Madame de Clairville was retiring, when the stranger advancing, said, with much softness of manner, "I fancy we shall have some rain, pray allow me the pleasure of setting you down. Julie gave a polite negative to this considerate proposal, but the stranger would not be refused, and Laure, enchanted at the idea of riding in a coach, a gratification it was long since she had enjoyed, added her intreaties.

"Suppose," said the stranger, with a benevolent smile, "that you indulge your little girl, and me also, with half an hour's drive before you return home. I have a great desire to become acquainted with this young lady, and I am mistaken if that time will not suffice to make us good friends."

There was no resisting the tone in which this petition was uttered. Bryan was dispatched to inform M. de Clairville of the arrangement, and the ladies got into the carriage.

" Have you no fear," said the stranger, gaily, as soon as they were seated, " of the consequences of what you have done? Don't you know that London is a sad place, and that you run a great risk in trusting to a stranger?"

She uttered this *badinage* in French, and in a gay tone, Julie replied in the same manner.

" I must, however," continued her new acquaintance, " acknowledge that I had a very selfish motive for what I have done; it struck me as soon as I heard you speak, that you could be of service to me; I shall explain in what manner by and by, but first let me introduce myself to you. My name is Howard. I am half sister to Lady N———, and at present upon a visit to her. Chance threw in my way an extremely deserving, but unfortunate young person,

who, though born to better prospects, is now indebted to her needle for a maintenance. Wishing to be useful to her, I gave her an order for some trimmings; when they were completed, and I asked her the price, she demanded so small a sum, that I believed she must have made a mistake. On my saying so, she explained to me that it was more than she had from Madame la Tour, whom she occasionally works for. My sister, who has long employed Madame la Tour, received this information with incredulity, and as I wished to ascertain its truth, I took the trimmings this morning to her shop, and not suspecting who I was, she has completely betrayed her real character."

Ill as Madame la Tour had behaved to her, Julie wished to say something in her defence, but she felt it was impossible to excuse her conduct, and she remained silent.

Miss Howard now talked to Laure, with whom she soon contrived to ingratiate herself so much, that, as she had predicted,

before the half hour was elapsed they became very good friends, nor could the delighted Julie view without partiality a woman, who seemed to take so kind an interest in her child.

The drive was extended to nearly double the intended time, and perhaps all parties thought it too short, when Julie was at last set down at her own door. Miss Howard took a polite leave of her, and Laure, transported with the charming English lady, who had promised to shew her some pretty pictures, flew to tell dear papa how many kind things she had said, and what a charming ride they had had.

The Marquis listened with apparent interest and pleasure, till he found that Miss Howard had taken leave, without making any overtures for farther acquaintance; when he heard this, the little gleam of pleasure which had lighted up his countenance disappeared, and he sunk into a fit of melancholy musing, the cause of which Julie could but too well define.

It proceeded, indeed, as she suspected,

from his regret that Miss Howard had not made any overtures towards intimacy. He considered his own life as a very precarious one; the few friends which he had in this country were all like himself, the exiled *noblesse* of France, and whatever might be their will, they possessed little power to alleviate the forlorn situation in which he feared his Julie would too soon find herself; but this Miss Howard, rich, warm-hearted, amiable as she appeared, what a friend, what a protectress might she prove herself! And how singular, that after making such advances, she should stop short. How was it to be accounted for?

As he asked himself this question, he chanced to look up, and beheld the eyes of Madame de Clairville fixed upon him with an expression of mournful tenderness which he hastened to dispel, by affecting a cheerful air. Bryan, whom the rencontre with Miss Howard, had inspired with the happiest presages, now entered, to lay the cloth for dinner. Dempsey, like most of

his nation, obeyed literally, whenever it was in his power to do so, the scriptural precept of "take no care for to-morrow." Madame de Clairville had given him the money she received from Madame la-Tour, and the first use which he made of it was to procure a good dinner. During his residence in the Marquis's family, he had picked up the art of cookery. Humble as the accommodations were, which Madame de Clairville's lodgings afforded, he always contrived that her table should be served with neatness, and this day he surpassed himself.

The gay hilarity of his looks, as he placed the savoury meal upon the table, forced a sigh from the Marquis, for he clearly perceived that the faithful fellow's hopes were similar to his own; but he checked his rising gloom, and in a few minutes he so far conquered it as to appear at least outwardly cheerful. Julie, willing to be deceived, gazed upon him with a pleasure, such as she had not lately

felt, and whispered to herself with mingled hope and anxiety, " I have been too apprehensive, Heaven will yet spare him to me."

CHAPTER XIV.

The following letter from Miss Howard will prove how much the Marquis was mistaken in his ideas respecting her sentiments towards his wife.

To Madame de Clairville.

" I address you, my dear Madam, in the hope that you will not misconstrue my motives for this freedom. I consider the chance which brought us together yesterday as a most fortunate one for me, and I hope to be allowed the liberty of seeing you, till I have contrived to excite for myself such a degree of interest, as will induce you to admit me to your friendship.

' And what,' methinks, I hear you say, ' are your pretensions to this honour?'

Slender ones I grant you, my dear Madam; but yet, such as you, I think, will admit, I have been unfortunate; I require the consolations of friendship and sympathy; I have in the world but one being whom I tenderly love, that one is my sister Lady N——. Obstacles, which I want both the ability and inclination to surmount, prevent us from being much together, and the circumstances which I am about to relate to you, have left me, strange as such a declaration may sound, nearly isolated.

"My mother, the late Mr. Howard's first wife, was the daughter of a merchant; she died young, leaving two children, myself and a son, two years younger.

"My brother had the misfortune to be born blind, a circumstance which attached my parents most fondly to him. The death of my mother seemed to increase my father's love for him. As to me, I never had the good fortune to bea favourite; but I was consoled for my father's want of affection by the kindness of my dear Frederic, who loved me with the tenderest and most

devoted affection. In our childish days, he was my apologist, and as we grew older, he became my champion. Many things in themselves, perhaps trifling, drew upon me the anger of my father, but never could my dear brother be brought to acknowledge that I was wrong. I had sense enough to see, at a very early age, that this did not arise from my own merit, but from Frederic's affection for me; an affection which I returned so warmly, that I would with cheerfulness have laid down my life, if it was necessary, to secure his happiness.

"I was only five year's of age when my father married the mother of the present Lady N—— ; she was a truly amiable woman, and would, I am convinced, have been a mother to us, had Providence spared her; but she died shortly after the birth of her daughter, and my father, being soon afterwards prevailed upon to let my half sister reside with her grandmother, we have been separated almost from our earliest years.

"My mother's whole fortune had been

settled upon herself, with the power of disposing of it as she pleased. She bequeathed the life interest of it to my father, but at his death the whole property went to my brother.

"I was in my nineteenth year when my father died: he left me a moderate fortune, with a proviso that I never married or quitted my brother; but if I did, the sum allotted to me, was to go towards iucreasing the portion of my sister, now Lady N——.

"Never shall I forget the generous vehemence with which Frederic expressed his indignation at what he called this unjust restriction: "Let me only," said the dear warm-hearted boy, "let me only live to be of age, and then, Louisa, you shall see whether the forfeiture of this paltry sum shall be any obstacle to your happiness; my sister will never be indebted to her fortune for a husband; but I will take care that no one shall ever have reason to say, she comes to the arms of any man a portionless bride."

"What my poor Frederic felt as a restric-

tion was in reality none to me. I knew that his happiness was in a great measure dependent upon the continuance of those attentions which he had always been accustomed to receive from me, and to hope that I could continue to pay them if I became a wife would be absurd. I therefore made my election to continue his friend and companion through life; but it was the will of Heaven to call him, even in the very morning of his days, to the reward of those virtues which he had practised during his short sojourn on earth.

"I cannot dwell on this subject, my dear Madame de Clairville: suffice it to say, that I was little more than twenty-three when my beloved Frederic was taken from me, and I was left, as I dared presumptuously to declare, alone in the world.

"Thank God! this sentiment, always unbecoming to a Christian, but doubly so to one like me, who possessed the power to benefit many, was not of long continuance in my mind; I felt the awful responsibility which the possession of

wealth bestows, and I endeavoured to lose the remembrance of my own sorrows in alleviating those of others.

"Till now I have constantly resided in the country; but at the request of my sister I paid her a visit a few weeks ago. I found her worthy of my warmest affection, but I found also, that living as she must do, more to the world than to her own heart, it would be impossible for us to reside long together. I am still, therefore, an isolated being, and it is as such that I address you.

"You too, my dear Madame de Clairville, have known misfortune, for I have taken the liberty to make enquiries respecting you; but you have saved your most valuable possessions from the wreck, your husband and your child are still yours; while I have seen the grave close on the only being on earth whom I could be said to truly love.

* * * *

"I will not read my letter again, lest

shame for its egotism should tempt me not to send it. I have told you my sorrows; will you add to my unhappiness, by refusing to suffer me to be useful to you? No, my dear Madame de Clairville, I cannot believe that you will, and I wait with impatience for permission to assure you personally, that you have it in your power to bestow real satisfaction on one, who hopes she will soon be allowed to subscribe herself,

"Your sincere friend,

"LOUISA HOWARD."

With tears of pleasure in her eyes, Julie handed this letter to the Marquis. When he had read it he clasped her to his bosom, exclaiming, "Now, thank Heaven! should my worst fears be verified, I shall have the consolation of thinking that you will not be left unprotected."

"Dearest de Clairville," cried Julie, "I shall, I hope and trust, still have your

protection! now that your principal cause of unhappiness is removed, you will get better every day, and, through the assistance of Miss Howard, we may be able to devise some plan of gaining an independent livelihood, at least till we can return to our own country."

The Marquis sighed: he feared that the term of their banishment was not likely to be a short one, but he was unwilling to depress the hope which Julie, more sanguine than himself, entertained of soon seeing her native country.

Madame de Clairville lost no time in answering the letter of Miss Howard, whom she felt no scruple of admitting into her humble apartment. She had none of the absurd pride which would have led her to be ashamed of her poverty, and she received Miss Howard with as much ease and grace in her attic chamber, as she would have done in the Hotel de Clairville.

If Julie was charmed with her visitor, the Marquis was not less so. There was indeed an indescribable something in the

manners of Miss Howard, which made her a general favourite; it was not that she was remarkably witty, exquisitely accomplished, or highly polished. Though highly born, she had lived in such complete retirement that her manners displayed rather the well-bred ease of a gentlewoman, than the exquisite finish of high life; and though she possessed talent, her natural modesty made her conceal rather than display it. Yet her company was universally liked, and even people of the most opposite tempers concurred in pronouncing her agreeable. The reason was, that her natural kindness of heart led her when in company to accommodate her manners to those of the people with whom she conversed; though she never condescended to the meanness of flattery, never even by an approving look or smile joined in a scandalous story; but she was careful to draw out the talents of those who had any, and she not unfrequently veiled the deficiencies of those who had none. She was always the patient and good humoured auditor of the aged or the infirm; nor did

this conduct proceed from vanity or a desire to acquire popularity, it sprung from genuine goodness of heart, from the earnest desire to contribute to the happiness of her fellow creatures; and it was rewarded by the love and esteem of all who knew her.

Miss Howard, in her first interview with the Marquis, observed the delicate state of his health, and she pressed him and Madame de Clairville so earnestly to accompany her to her seat in Devonshire for a few weeks, that they could not refuse.

Before she quitted London she introduced the de Clairvilles to her sister and Lord N——, both of whom testified the strongest desire to be serviceable to them; but though truly grateful for the civilities which he received, the Marquis peremptorily declined all pecuniary favours, though offered as a loan, to be repaid when he recovered his property in France.

De Clairville had in fact made up his mind to depend in future wholly on his own exertions. Besides being thoroughly acquainted with his own language, he was

an excellent classical scholar, and well acquainted with every branch of polite literature. He conceived that it would not be difficult, through the medium of Miss Howard, to procure pupils, and he looked forward with the rational hope, that it would be possible for him through his exertions, to procure for his family those decent comforts, the value of which misfortune had taught him thoroughly to estimate.

While de Clairville was indulging these ideas, Miss Howard on her part was not idle in forming plans for the future welfare of his family. A few interviews with Julie sufficed to convince her, that she possessed an elegant and well-cultivated mind. Through Lady N———'s connections, Miss Howard had no doubt that she could establish Julie in a seminary near London, where, by taking a limited number of young ladies to educate, she might acquire a handsome income: but this project she kept to herself for the present, because she considered that it would be

better not to speak of it till matters were in train for its accomplishment.

For the sake of the de Clairvilles, Miss Howard expedited her return to Devonshire. They accompanied her, attended by Bryan, whose faithful attachment to them under their misfortunes had gained him the good-will of Miss Howard, who was often amused by the peculiarity of his dialect, and the strange mixture of good sense and absurdity in his replies.

CHAPTER XV.

OAKWOOD House, the seat of Miss Howard, was a fine old family mansion, which accorded better with the de Clairvilles ideas of a chateau, than a more modern building would have done.

If Miss Howard had appeared amiable in the house of her sister, she seemed doubly so in her own. The joy which was visible in the countenances of her domestics when she arrived, proved how welcome her presence was, and no sooner was it known that she was in the country, than the few families who resided near her hastened to pay their respects to her.

Wealth and an unblemished character are every where passports to respect, but it was clear that a much warmer sentiment actuated the neighbours of Miss Howard; it was the first time she had ever quitted her family mansion, and their congratula-

tions on her return to it, sprang evidently from the heart.

Five families, three of whom lived at some distance from her, formed Miss Howard's whole neighbourhood, and Julie saw with secret admiration that she had not forgotten any of them; each had a present of what she supposed would be most agreeable to their taste, and these little gifts were bestowed in a manner which rendered them valuable to those who received them.

It was not merely her rich friends whom Miss Howard had remembered, not one among her indigent pensioners was forgotten; but though Madame de Clairville accompanied her in the round of visits which she made to these poor people, she did not know that every where they went her friend left some mark of her benevolence behind.

Mr. Molesworth, the clergyman of the parish, and his family, were much at the hall, as was also the family of Mr. Jones, and an eccentric, but worthy old bachelor, of the name of Grumley.

Molesworth was a sensible and well-informed man; his wife and daughter were amiable, without being remarkable for anything except a timid reserve, which Miss Howard soon contrived to dispel by letting them into some particulars of the de Clairvilles history. It has been said that the English are distant acquaintances, but warm friends; the conduct of the Molesworths exemplified the general truth of this opinion: no sooner did they learn that the Marquise had been unfortunate, than they exerted themselves to pay her those little attentions, which their own hearts told them would be grateful to their own feelings, were they in a similar situation. Julie, naturally grateful and affectionate, was disposed to return with interest every kindness shewn her; and those civilities which the Molesworths paid her at first from mere good-nature, they soon continued from real friendship.

The Jones's were a much more specious, but a less worthy family than the Molesworths; their characteristics were selfishness and family pride. Mr. and Mrs.

Jones had in the early part of their lives resided in the most fashionable circles, he was a *bon vivant*, she was a *dasher*; no two people could agree better: in fact, it was impossible for them to do otherwise, for they never met except when they had company to dinner, and then they were too much occupied with their guests to have any time to attend to each other.

Mr. Jones was every where congratulated on being the husband of a very lovely and elegant woman. Mrs. Jones thanked Heaven that she was the wife of a generous, high spirited man, who was pleased to see her lead the fashions, and never troubled her with any impertinent remonstrances, either about her conduct or her expences. Thus things went on for some years; our couple might, had they so pleased, have claimed the Dunmow bacon, but it unfortunately happened that Mr. Jones's steward, who was a man of ways and means, died suddenly, leaving his master's affairs in utter confusion; creditors out of number, and not a shilling to satisfy them. In short, Mr. Jones had no alternative, but to

live within *certain rules*, or retire to his family mansion: he chose the latter, and his lady accompanied him just to *pour passer le tems*, till she could devise some way of emerging from the envious cloud which then prevented her from shining with her accustomed brilliancy, as a star of the first magnitude in the fashionable hemisphere.

A circumstance, however, upon which she had never calculated, occurred to prevent her return to the scenes which she quitted with so much regret. In five years she had been twice on the point of becoming a mother. The first time she overdanced herself, the second she receiv-ed a fright when on a water party, which occasioned a miscarriage; and as nearly three years had elapsed since the last accident, she had no hopes, or rather to speak the truth, she had no fears of becoming a mother.

But she had scarcely been a quarter of a year in the country, when she found her-self once more in the family way, and to add to her mortification, she presented her

husband at the usual time with a brace of fine hearty boys. Time wore away, no prospect appeared of a return to dear London, and in the course of four years Mrs. Jones became the mother of five children.

I have already said that the Jones's were proud and selfish, the effects of the former vice counteracted the latter; for though both sighed to be in London, both knew that it would be impossible to keep up there an establishment suitable to their rank, without completely sacrificing the future prospects of their children. What they never would have granted to natural affection, they ceded to pride; and, with a view to economy, they remained in the country, till habit had in a great degree reconciled them to it.

The twins, who were named John and William, were now of age, and though some years younger than Miss Howard, and not by any means likely to engage the affection of a woman of her superior understanding, Mrs. Jones flattered herself with the hope that one or other of them would ultimately obtain her hand. Her

hopes had been somewhat damped by Miss Howard's journey to London, but they revived when she returned so speedily.

The Misses Jones were handsome and pleasing, but they inherited too much of the disposition of their parents to attach themselves to any one very warmly; however, they liked Miss Howard as well as they could like any body, and to please her they shewed marked attention to Madame de Clairville.

Mr. Grumley had never, as he himself declared, in his life found a bearable animal among the female sex, but Louisa Howard; and though a woman, he always gave her credit for her good sense, till he heard that she had brought a French Marquis and Marchioness with her to Oakwood Hall, a piece of intelligence which chagrined the old gentleman exceedingly, because he was convinced that the Marquis must be a *petit maître*, and his wife a coquet. Since, as he *liberally* observed, it was not in the nature of things, that a fashionable Frenchman and his wife could be otherwise; and impressed

with this idea, he resolved not to go near Oakwood Park as long as they staid.

"*N'importe,*" said Louisa, gaily, "when Mr. Molesworth privately communicated to her the resolution of Mr. Grumley. I know my old friend better than he knows himself, and I will engage in a very short time that Madame de Clairville shall rival me in his good graces."

"But how will you introduce them to each other?" said Mr. Molesworth.

"Why, I think I must take him by storm," replied Miss Howard; "and if you are not afraid that your character will suffer by a compliance with my request, I shall be obliged to you to accompany Madame de Clairville and myself to-morrow to visit him.

CHAPTER XVI.

The old gentleman was at breakfast, when the two ladies, escorted by Mr. Molesworth, stopped at his gate. The noise of a carriage brought him to the window. "Bless me!" cried he, as they descended from the vehicle, "who can that lady be with Miss Howard? I don't recollect that she belongs to this neigbourhood, and she looks too modest, and is too plainly dressed, for a London *belle*."

By this time they had entered his study; he gave Louisa, as usual, a cordial welcome, but when she introduced to him her friend, Madame de Clairville, he actually started, for he could scarcely believe it possible, that in the plainly dressed, mild looking, and unassuming woman before him, he beheld a *belle* of the French court. Good breeding, in

which he was by no means deficient, made him pay attention to Madame de Clairville, and the more he conversed with her, the more his astonishment increased. Where, thought he, is the volubility, the rouge, and, above all, where is *l'air imposant* which I expected to find. He listened with attention, he looked with a scrutinizing eye, but he could discover nothing of it. She is a good actress, thought he, but I shall find out her real character by and by, and in order to have an opportunity of studying it, he accepted Miss Howard's invitation to dinner.

A new surprise awaited him at Oakwood. The Marquis, whom he had expected to find a voluble *petit maître*, full of himself and his nation, was on the contrary, rather taciturn; and though what he did say was spirited and to the purpose, neither his conversation nor his air, had any of that *légèreté* which Mr. Grumley supposed no Frenchman could be without. "It is very strange," said the old gentleman to himself. "Can I, who have studied the characteristics of all the Euro-

pean nations for so long a time be mistaken? Oh, impossible! These people are depressed at present by misfortune, but their natural vanity and levity will shew itself by and by, I am certain."

Days and weeks, however, passed, and Mr. Grumley could not discover either the vanity or the levity which he had been inclined to give the de Clairvilles credit for. The conviction that he had been mistaken, however, did not tend to put him out of humour with them; on the contrary, he found that they added new charms to the social parties at Oakwood Hall. They began to speak English with tolerable fluency, and Mr. Grumley could not help acknowledging, that they were as agreeable, and seemed as estimable, as if they had had the good fortune to be naves of the sea-girt isle.

"Do you know, Monsieur de Clairville," said he one day to the Marquis, who had followed Julie's plan of laying aside his title, "that I was for some time acquainted with you and Madame before I could believe that you were in

reality so different as I have found you, from the little I have have seen, and the great deal I have read of your country people."

"I believe," said the Marquis, "that Julie is more free from our national foibles than I am; but nature has bestowed upon me a full share of the faults generally attributed to my countrymen."

"The deuce she has," cried Mr. Grumley; "and pray how do you contrive to hide them?"

"Oh, I should be unequal to that task," replied the Marquis, gaily, "for you must recollect that hypocrisy is not among the number of our failings; so as I could not be at the trouble to hide, I set about the less difficult task of endeavouring to conquer them."

"And if I may judge from appearances," replied Mr. Grumley, "I should congratulate you on having succeeded."

"I fear not," returned de Clairville, more seriously: "to deal candidly with you, my dear Sir, I believe that no trial less severe than the one I have met with,

would have roused me to a proper sense of my duties. I bless Heaven that I was not among the number of those who, setting at nought the experience and the wisdom of ages, became proselytes to that philosophy, as it is falsely styled, which robs us of consolation here, and of hope hereafter. The care of my education was intrusted to a truly good man, one whose pure life was in perfect unison with his precepts. Yet, I blush to say, that notwithstanding the cares of this admirable mentor, I was too ready when I entered into the world, to go with the stream; but when the hand of misfortune smote me, I remembered the lessons of my youth; I found in them the only consolation which I could receive. More fortunate than many others, I possessed a wife worthy of all my confidence and affection. Heaven, in depriving me of that wealth, which I had but too often made an unworthy use of, tempered its chastisements with mercy, when it left me, my Julie and my child."

The Marquis stopped abruptly, his voice betrayed his emotion, and Mr.

Grumley seizing his hand, exclaimed, while a tear twinkled in his eye, "My dear de Clairville, I honour you, I do upon my soul! for the manner in which you bear misfortune. Zounds, you deserve to be ———" an Englishman, he was about to add, but he recollected himself in time to break off abruptly, before he had paid de Clairville what could not certainly have been termed, a happily turned compliment.

The Marquis had entirely recovered his health, and both Madame de Clairville and himself had spoken more than once of terminating their visit; but Miss Howard begged so earnestly that it might be prolonged for a few weeks, that they could not, without actual rudeness, refuse her. In the mean time, Lady N—— had not been idle, as the following letter from her ladyship to Miss Howard will prove.

CHAPTER XVII.

"If I did not know how you passed your life, my dear Louisa, I should begin by enquiring, what country had the honour of your birth, and whether you were not just arrived from Utopia. Why, my dear sister, if I had followed your sage advice, instead of forwarding your plans for our interesting Frenchwoman, I should not have been able to get her a single pupil worth having; but as I had luckily *tact* enough to set about the business in a very different way, I have procured her five, all of rank, and what is quite as much to the purpose, their friends will pay liberally for their acquiring that exquisite polish, which Madame la Marquise is so well calculated to give.

"Methinks, at this moment I hear you

say, with one of those dimpled smiles which you used to put on in London, when you wanted to pick my pocket on any charitable occasion, 'Good Eudocia, you have managed this matter charmingly, do tell me how you have contrived it?' Have patience, my dear, and you shall know all about it.

"I commenced my attack, by opening a masked battery on the dowager Countess of Brookdale, who I know is positively miserable from fear that her daughters, the three Ladies Grenfell, should not be able to marry suitably to their rank! *Entre nous*, I do not think her fears are quite void of foundation, for they have little money and less beauty to recommend them. Fortunately for our little Marquise, Miss Melmoth, whom even you, my charitable sister, was forced to allow was very plain, is just married; her accomplishments, or rather the reputation of her accomplishments, captivated Sir Simon Superficial, and to the great annoyance of several manœuvering mammas, who had

spared no pains to display the attractions of their pretty daughters, Sir Simon led Miss Melmoth to the altar.

"As Lady Brookdale has not a daughter old enough to enlist under the banner of Hymen, I had no idea that Sir Simon's marriage would be a matter of vexation to her; it was so, however. She assured me that he was a greater fool, even than she had thought him, to be so taken in, to throw himself away in such an unaccountable manner. "Did you ever, my dear Lady N——, know any thing so strange?"

"Indeed, my dear Countess, if you would only give yourself time to think, it would not appear strange."

"Not appear strange, Lady N——? why you certainly must be joking. The girl has neither beauty, money, nor fashion. What then in the name of wonder could he see in her?"

"Her accomplishments."

"But there are so many accomplished girls."

"Very true, but yet there are very few

finished so exactly to Sir Simon's taste, as Miss Melmoth; indeed she has had peculiar advantages; you know she resided a long time in Paris, with her aunt, D'Auberval. Oh, *à-propos*, speaking of Madame D'Auberval, reminds me of the most charming woman in the world, a very intimate friend of my sister Howard's, la Marquise de Clairville. She has quitted France, in consequence of the revolution, and intends to take charge of a select number of young English ladies, whose education will be finished under her own inspection. I anticipate very brilliant success for her, she is so well calculated to give that exquisite polish, that indiscribable fascination of manner, which distinguishes the ladies of the French court. Then she is so amazingly accomplished."

"If her establishment is really such a superior thing," said the Countess, "I should like to place my daughter, Lady Almeria with her.—But," continued she, with a hesitating sigh, "the terms I suppose will be very high."

" Oh, of course," said I, " any thing that is worth having, you know must be dear, and the Marquise's establishment will be not merely genteel, but elegant."

" Well, I believe I must send Lady Almeria to her."

" I must lose no time in writing to her then," said I, " to secure a place for Lady Almeria, since I know she is besieged already with applications, and she means to take only a limited number."

" This settled the business, had the Countess been allowed time to consider, avarice perhaps would have prevailed over pride; as it was, she commissioned me to come directly to terms with the Marquise.

" The stately Lady Sarah Winterdale, who is guardian to her niece, Miss Mainwaring, was the next person to whom I mentioned the Marquise. But I confess I had very faint hopes of success, for two reasons: the first is, that she detests the French; and the other, because she considers it absolutely derogatory to a woman of quality to be very accomplished. She contends that a smattering of science is

much more lady-like, than a profound acquaintance with it; the latter is only fit for artists, who, poor creatures, are obliged to earn their livelihood.

"Knowing her ladyship's *liberal* sentiments, I was obliged to go on different ground; and instead of talking of the accomplishments and talents of Madame de Clairville, I spoke of her exalted birth, her dignity of manner, and her excessive abhorrence of every thing plebeian. Now don't shake your head, and accuse me of disingenuousness in bestowing the latter quality upon the Marquise, since in doing it, I have not told a positive fib, for I only spoke by implication. 'You know, my dear Lady Sarah,' said I, 'a woman of her rank, who has been so vilely treated by the lower order, must feel a just detestation of all these new fangled notions of philanthropy, and romantic nonsense, which it has become the fashion to affect.'

"Very true," replied her ladyship, eagerly. "It is astonishing what mischief these false notions occasion. I am sorry to say,

that my poor sister, Lady Jane Mainwaring, was too much tainted with them, and the consequence is, that I have an infinity of trouble with her daughter. Instead of receiving, as a young person ought to do, my opinions, without presuming to question their propriety, she plagues me by investigating my sentiments; and she has been so accustomed to argue, or as she calls it, to reason, that she really sometimes puzzles me to answer her. Would you believe, that the other day she told me, she could see no difference between what I called dignity, and what her mamma used to call pride; and pride she was sure was very unfit for a Christian? I declare, I was so astonished at hearing such language from a girl of her age, for she is scarcely fourteen, that I could not set about explaining to her the difference."

"That was lucky for the poor girl, thought I, since your ladyship's definition could only have served to puzzle her. But I only thought this, for I pru-

dently remained silent, and her ladyship continued.

"I am sure nobody knows the trouble I have had, in endeavouring to give this child a just idea of the consequence people derive from noble birth, but I am afraid my labour is in vain."

"From this specimen of our conversation, you will believe that I had not much trouble in prevailing upon Lady Sarah to delegate the task of impressing just notions of dignity upon the mind of Miss Mainwairing, to Madame de Clairville, who will, I am certain, be pleased with her pupil, for Charlotte Mainwaring is a charming girl, and will, I know, do credit to her preceptress."

"The Hon. Mrs. Sylvester Moreton had tired every body who would listen to her for the last three years, with the pains which she takes with the education of her two charming accomplished step-daughters. She prides herself upon being an educating mamma, without in reality possessing a single requisite for the character;

and the poor girls are shamefully ignorant, because she will insist upon their learning half a hundred things at once.

" I had not much trouble with Mrs. Sylvester Moreton. A hint that her excessive maternal solicitude had a terrible effect upon her looks, so much so indeed, that her friends apprehended a decline, did the business. She found out directly that she was excessively nervous, that her over anxiety about these dear children robbed her of every enjoyment of life, and that self-preservation rendered it absolutely necessary for her to put them directly under the care of somebody, who could be depended upon to finish the elegant superstructure which she had begun. You may believe that I knew only one woman in England, whom I could think worthy of being entrusted with this arduous task, and that woman is Madame de Clairville.

" I knew that Lady Fothergill has cherished all her life a prejudice against foreigners of every description, but it was that very circumstance which gave me a

hope of procuring, for our Marquise, her ladyship's eldest daughter as a pupil.

"I was aware that her dislike to females of other nations proceeds, in a great degree, from her idea that they are generally deficient in a virtue the most essential to the female character, I mean chastity. From all that we know of your interesting Julie, I am satisfied that I could pledge myself for her in every respect; and as Lady Fothergill is really humane to an uncommon degree, I attacked her on the score of benevolence. I observed that it was our express duty not to suffer prejudice at this moment to interfere with the interests of humanity, and I enforced my suit, by delicately hinting, that a woman, like Lady Fothergill, who stood so high for every feminine virtue, would by taking our *emigrée* by the hand, not only essentially serve her, but do real honour to herself, by her conquest of an ill-founded prejudice.

"My appeal to her ladyship's *amour propre* gained my cause, and Miss Fothergill

will become the Marquise's inmate, as soon as her establishment is arranged.

"But though my self-love makes me very willing to take all the credit you may be allowed to give me for the knowledge of the world I have displayed in this business, yet I must not wrong my friends. Had the business been to raise a subscription for Madame de Clairville, I am convinced that they would all have cheerfully come forward, from no other motive but humanity. It is incredible the money which has been bestowed in private benefactions to the poor emigrants; and when I consider the general spirit of genuine benevolence which has been excited for their succour, I feel proud of being an English woman.

"I know that I need not caution you, my delicate and considerate Louisa, to communicate my success, without the particulars, to your friend. Should the scheme meet with her approbation, she must lose no time in coming to town. Adieu, my dear Louisa. Lord N——— begs his best remembrances to you, and

your friends. Say every thing that is kind to them from me, and believe me always

"Your affectionate sister,

"EUDOCIA N——."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I AM a selfish creature, my dear Madame de Clairville," said Miss Howard, going into Julie's apartment, after she had read her sister's letter. "I have just heard of something which will, I think, be extremely advantageous to you; and yet, because it will oblige us to separate, I cannot rejoice in it as I ought to do."

She then communicated to Madame de Clairville the plan which Lady N—— and herself had arranged previous to their quitting London, and told her that if it met with her approbation, she had now five pupils to commence her school with.

Miss Howard insisted upon being allowed to supply the money necessary to commence the establishment; not, she said, as a gift, but as a debt, to be repaid when it suited the Marquis's convenience.

I shall not attempt to paint the gratitude with which the de Clairvilles acceded to the plan. To be thus comfortably establish-

ed after the reverses which they had met with, was a piece of good fortune, which almost exceeded their hopes and expectations. Their pleasure was, however, a little damped by the idea of leaving their kind friend Miss Howard, and the worthy Grumley, to whom they were become really attached.

" I did not intend," said the old gentleman, " when he heard of the plan which was in agitation, to have visited London again, but since I have been appointed made me de Clairville's Cicesbeo, I begin to entertain a very good opinion of my own powers of persuasion. I shall therefore lay seige to Miss Howard, and if I can get her to London for a few months in the ensuing winter, I will, like a courteous knight, brave its smoke and noise once more, for the sake of my rival *belles*.

The ladies laughed and thanked him for the compliment. Soon afterwards Bryan entered the room with a message to his master. When he quitted it Mr. Grumley said, " I never yet saw a person who appears to have all the cha-

racterics of his nation more strongly than your servant."

"You are right, my dear Sir," said de Clairville, "he certainly possesses all the Irish warmth of heart, impetuosity of temper, and entire devotion to the interests of those whom he loves. I am convinced that he would not only risk, but even sacrifice his life with cheerfulness for us, or our child."

"I never knew a poor fellow so enthusiastically grateful," said Miss Howard; "for I have heard from himself the history of his love, as he calls it, for Madame de Clairville."

"Then," said Julie, "you have I am convinced heard a very exaggerated account of an act of common humanity; I should have been inexcusable had I done less for the poor fellow than I did."

"Without discussing that point," said Miss Howard, "I must observe, that his grateful attachment to you is one proof among many that the lower order of the Irish possess a degree of sensibility which properly cultivated and prudently restrain-

ed, would render them valuable members of society; but, unfortunately, the lower classes are in general the creatures of impulse; and, ignorant as they are, prone, too, to rely implicitly upon the opinions of those above them, can we wonder that they are so often misled ?"

"The Irish and French," observed the Marquis, "have some points of character which strongly assimilate, both are lively and impetuous; but the Irishman learns the task of concealing or suppressing his feelings more slowly, and with more difficulty than the Frenchman; and perhaps he rarely, if ever, succeeds in acquiring so complete a command of them."

"For the credit of France," said Miss Howard, addressing the Marquis, "I have heard several instances of the most devoted and affectionate attachment shewn by domestics to their masters and mistresses, since the revolution broke out."

"Something, perhaps, may be owing to the manner in which our domestics are treated," said the Marquis. "Service with us is literally an inheritance, so much so,

that it frequently happens that domestics are born and die in the same family. When servants become old or past their labour, we never think of dismissing them, because we know, that even if they were well provided for, they would still hanker after the home to which they had been so long accustomed. They therefore continue with us, not to work, but to enjoy repose and plenty in their old age. They have their own apartments, which they leave when they please, and mix with the other domestics, who are obliged to attend to their wants, and who have indeed a double motive for doing so; a wish to please their master, and a desire of evincing either duty or gratitude to the old servants, with whom they generally are connected either by ties of blood or friendship. The revolutionary mania, though it spread so rapidly in Paris, is little known among the domestics of those gentry who resided in the provinces, almost all of whom are, from attachment to their master, outrageous aristocrats; and it sounds ludicrously enough to hear men

who themselves sprang from the lowest of the people, protest against the doctrines of liberty and equality, and talk with contempt of *la canaille.*"

In a few days the de Clairvilles set out for London, where they were soon not only comfortably but elegantly established. Lady N——— had the pleasure to find that her recommendation of Madame de Clairville did honour to her judgment, and Julie speedily added three more pupils to the five which her ladyship had procured for her. She resolved not to take more than eight, for she felt that she could not pay proper attention to a greater number. . .

It was not solely on their own account, that the de Clairvilles rejoiced in this change of fortune. England was by this time thronged with emigrants, and every shilling that the Marquis and his wife could spare was appropriated to their relief. The Marquis put in practice his plan of teaching his own language; he met with liberal encouragement, and but for the perpetual calls which the distresses of his

countrymen made upon his purse, he might in time have acquired a competence.

Mrs. Jones had waited with considerable impatience for the departure of the Marquis and Marquise from Oakwood Hall, because she thought that she could then bring forward her plan for the marriage of one of her sons with Miss Howard, but she had the mortification to find that Louisa peremptorily, though politely, rejected the overtures of both the youths; a circumstance which chagrined her excessively, although she had art enough to conceal it.

Three years passed away: Louisa made a yearly visit to London, as did Mr. Grumley; and during the time of their residence in town the Marquis and Julie gave to them every moment which they could spare. Madame de Clairville, who never forgot the unaffected kindness of the Molesworths, was happy to return it by inviting one of the young ladies to pass some months with her every winter, and Miss Howard brought Anna, the eldest, to whom the invitation was first given, up

with her, when she came to pay her annual visit to Lady N———.

No entreaties could prevail on Mr. Grumley to become the Marquis's inmate, although he was his frequent guest. He accounted for his refusal with his accustomed whimsicality. "Don't you know," cried he to Julie, when she was urging the matter to him, "that the greatest luxury which an old bachelor enjoys is the liberty of finding fault, right or wrong, with every thing: now if I was to take up my abode with you, different causes would cramp my enjoyment of this delightful privilege, for I should be ashamed to be always growling, and sometimes swearing. Therefore for this reason you must be content to be troubled with me sometimes, instead of always."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Marquis's house was at Brompton; it was a handsome spacious mansion, with a very good garden. One morning as Bryan chanced to be passing near the garden gate, he perceived a young man, who appeared to be a Frenchman, standing close to it. His appearance indicated extreme poverty, and as he leaned with a dejected air against the wall, Bryan wished to address him, that he might offer him some relief.

There was, however, in the countenance of the youth, a certain something, which told even the untutored Dempsey, that assistance must not be abruptly offered to him; and affecting to be busy with a tree near the gate, he saluted the stranger with a respectful "*bon jour, Monsieur.*"

The young man started on hearing his

native language. He looked for a moment steadily at Bryan, and then said, but evidently with great effort, "I am starving, can you give me some food?"

"And that I can," cried Dempsey, restored in a moment to his usual volubility; "if you will only walk with me into my room, I'll get you something in the twinkling of an eye."

The youth accompanied him; and it was evident, from the voracious eagerness with which he devoured what was set before him, that he was literally starving. When he had satiated his hunger, he rose to go.

"I have never begged before," said he to Bryan, "nor would I now, were it for myself, but I have a father. Can you give me a trifle to purchase bread for him? I would say, lend me; but, alas! I know not that I shall ever be able to repay you."

"Never speak of that, *Monsieur*," cried Dempsey, taking some silver from his pocket; "I have known what it is to suffer for those I loved, and if this will be of the least use, you are as welcome ——"

"It will save us, perhaps, from perishing," cried the stranger, eagerly interrupting him; "and if I live, I hope within a month I shall be able to repay you."

He took the money and hastened away. Bryan soon forgot the circumstance, but the youth's memory was more retentive. On that day month he presented himself again at the garden gate; he was more decently attired, and his countenance no longer wore such extreme dejection.

Bryan, however, was not in the garden, but the Marquis chanced to be walking in it; he observed the youth looking anxiously towards different parts of the garden, as if he expected somebody, and he came forward to inquire whether he wanted any one.

"I am indebted," said the young man, "to one of your servants, but I do not know his name. A month ago I came here by chance; he saw and relieved my distress, and I am come to thank and repay him."

As de Clairville looked at the youth,

he thought that his features were familiar to him, and he could not help fancying that he had heard his voice before.

"I perceive," said he, "that we are countrymen, we ought not to be strangers; come in, my young friend, and I will find the person whom you want."

"Pardon me, Sir," said the other, "if I refuse your invitation, but I have reasons for concealment, and my name can be of no consequence to you. Will you, Sir, have the goodness to take this money, and tell the generous man who gave it to me, that it was the means, under Providence, of saving my father from want."

"But the sum is too small," said de Clairville, "to have been of much service; if you would accept a loan to a larger amount ———?"

"No, Sir," interrupted the young man, proudly, "I will not, while I can help it, be any man's debtor."

"Frenchmen ought, in a foreign country, to consider themselves in those disastrous times as brothers," said the Marquis, mildly; "and I flatter myself, if you knew

me, your would not refuse to owe a temporary obligation to de Clairville."

"De Clairville!" said the young man, eagerly, "what, are you the Marquis who was arrrested at N———, and sent under a guard to Paris?"

"Ah!" cried the Marquis, "you know me, then; and I thought the moment I saw you that I recollected you, but yet I cannot tell where we have met."

"We never did meet," said the youth; "it is my general resemblance to my father, Count de M——, which persuades you that you recollect me."

In a moment young M—— was clasped to the heart of the Marquis, who, in a transport of joy, blessed Heaven for their meeting.

"But your father," cried he, "my preserver, the preserver of my wife and child; where is he? conduct me to him!"

"He has suffered too much," cried young de M——, "for me to risk your meeting abruptly; leaning as he always did to the side of mercy, he has lately become obnoxious to the ruling faction.

Through the gratitude of a person whom he had served, he received intelligence that he was about to be denounced, in time, as he hoped, to make his escape, but he was arrested before he could effect it, and when I found that, I determined to share his fate."

De Clairville involuntarily grasped the youth's hand.

"We were put on board a vessel, with many other miserable wretches, to be sent to Guiana. Oh, France, ungrateful France!" continued he, with energy, "this was the reward which you bestowed upon the best and most patriotic of your sons."

He paused a moment, and then resumed in a calmer tone. "I thought not of myself, but my heart was wrung for my father; not a murmur, however, escaped him; he had long expected that his exertions in the cause of humanity would eventually cost him his life; he was prepared for his fate, and he met it with firmness."

"But it was the will of Heaven to avert

the lingering and dreadful death to which we were sentenced. We were taken by an English sloop of war, the gallant commander of which, far from considering us as enemies, treated us with the utmost kindness and consideration."

"Never shall I forget the answer which this gentleman, Captain Maxwell, made to one of us, who observed that his prize would not pay him for fighting for it."

"I differ with you in opinion, Sir," replied Captain Maxwell, "and I am convinced that there is not one among my brave fellows who does not think with me, that the satisfaction of saving so many lives is more worth than a Spanish galleon."

"Our generous captain presented each of us with a small sum before we landed, but it was soon exhausted; and I cannot describe to you what we have suffered since. Nor was it the least of my father's suffering that he was hated by his countrymen here, because he had served the revolutionary party. I was, when a boy, fond of amusing myself with making

boxes of *papier maché*, and now I tried to obtain a little money by the sale of a few, which I took uncommon pains to make. But my poor father was taken ill, and instead of appropriating a part of the money which my boxes produced to buy materials for making more, as I had at first intended to do, I laid all out for him, and I had the misery to see that it was insufficient to get him what was necessary.

"During two days I had not tasted food, till I was relieved by the charity of your servant. I used a part of what he gave me to buy myself what I wanted to go on with my work, and the remainder I laid out for my father. Thank Heaven! I have earned sufficient to keep him from want! And a young Frenchwoman, who lodges in the same house with us, has assisted me to nurse him; but he is still very weak."

"He shall come to us, my friend," cried the Marquis; "the cares of Madame de Clairville, and my little Laure will soon recover him. Often and fervently has Julie wished that she could see and

thank him."—At that moment Laure opened the door, and de Clairville called to her: "Come here, my daughter, and embrace the son of our good friend, Comte de M——."

Laure, nearly ten years of age, comprehended who de M—— was, and the service he had rendered her father. "Oh, how I love your good papa," cried she, "and so does my mamma; she prays for him, and she makes me pray for him, because he saved my papa's life."

The most elaborate speech could not have given to the young de M—— so just an idea of the feelings of this grateful family. Tears filled his eyes, but he strove to repress them, as he extended his hand to de Clairville, and said with a voice tremulous with emotion. "No, my father, will not feel pain in being obliged to you."

CHAPTER XX.

No sooner had the Marquis presented Armand de M——— to Julie, than he hastened with him to the humble abode of the Count, which was at a little distance from their house.

Though de Clairville had prepared himself for a change in the person of his preserver, he was yet shocked to see him so greatly emaciated; he endeavoured to speak, but the effort was a vain one, and he burst into tears.

M———, who had been prepared by his son for the meeting, was more collected. "My dear Marquis," said he, "you are deceived by appearances. I am not so ill as I look, and your presence is a cordial which will soon recruit my strength. Believe me, I have often thought of you, though I have never been able to ascer-

tain your fate. How did you contrive to effect your escape from France ?"

De Clairville gave him a brief account of his adventures. When he had finished, de M——— began to speak of the circumstances which had rendered him an exile; the Marquis interrupted him, " this is a subject, my dear M———," said he, " to which I cannot listen, till you are settled in an apartment more comfortable than this, we will then talk together over past sorrows, and rejoice that they are past."

De M——— was superior to false pride. He had cheerfully afforded assistance to the Marquis, when it was in his power, and he disdained not to receive it. Julie welcomed him with the kindness of a sister, and Laure's delight at seeing the preserver of her dear papa was unbounded.

Every thing that gratitude and affection could suggest was put in practice by the family, of the Marquis, for the recovery of the invalid, but he mended less slowly than they hoped and expected. In fact, his mind was deeply wounded ; he was by principle a republican ; he had hailed what

he called, the dawn of liberty, with transport, and taken an active part in the commencement of the revolution on the side of the people; because he expected that when the monarchy was subverted, it would be replaced by a republican form of government, and he had exulted in the thought, that his native country would become the most powerful, free, and happy nation in the world. But a short time sufficed to convince him that his hopes would never be realized; he saw one sanguinary faction succeed another; the name of liberty was prostituted to sanction the vilest excesses, and his countrymen degraded themselves even below the rank of savages, by the commission of atrocities, which one would scarcely suppose it possible for human beings to be guilty of.

The reflection that he had been one among the misled many, who, by his adoption of the wild and impracticable theories of self-styled philosophers, had helped to desolate France, preyed with incessant bitterness upon his mind, and for a considerable time retarded his recovery. Some

words which he dropped let the Marquis into the real state of his feelings, and from that time it became de Clairville's care to reconcile him to himself, by every argument which friendship and reason could devise. Fortunately for de M——— his errors had been those of the head only; motives, the most pure and disinterested, had armed him, as he fancied, in the cause of freedom, but he was always the friend of humanity. No blood stained his hands, no orphan or widow's patrimony sat heavy on his conscience; his own fortune, previous to its being seized upon, had suffered severely by his endeavours to assist his distressed countrymen; innumerable were the lives which he had preserved, and never did he scruple to risk his own in the cause of humanity.

De Clairville lost no opportunity of urging these considerations, but it was some time before they had their full weight with de M———. However, as his bodily strength increased, his mind acquired a firmer tone; and though he never ceased to regret that he had been misled, his

pangs were softened by the reflection that his motives were good.

The humanity which Dempsey had shown to Armand de M—— was richly and unexpectedly rewarded. The young French woman who assisted in the task of nursing the Count de M——, proved to be his Nina, whom he had nearly despaired of ever seeing again. Her attachment to her mother, whose only child she was, prevented her from quitting France at the same time that Madame de Clairville made her escape from it; but her mother was since dead, and among the number of her admirers, (Nina was too pretty not to have admirers) she did not find one worthy to dispossess Bryan of her affections.

"I shall never be able to forget him," said she to herself, "and if I stay here fretting and thinking about him much longer, I shall look so old and so ugly, that even, if we did meet, he might not be as rejoiced to see me as I should be to see him."

Nina's little luggage was soon packed, she found no great difficulty in making her

way to London; and although she had no clue to guide her to her lover, the hope of at last meeting him supported her under the disagreeables, to which her poverty and her ignorance of the English language exposed her,

Nina had been three months in England; her skill at her needle procured her a scanty subsistence, and the hope that she should some time or other be able to discover her dear Bryan, supported her spirits.

When the Comte de M——— and his son became inmates of the same house with Nina, she soon discovered that they belonged to the exiled noblesse, and she made a respectful tender of her services to assist in nursing Monsieur le Comte. Her kind attentions were thankfully and readily accepted. When the Comte and Armand had arranged matters for their departure, they bade Nina a kind farewell, and the Comte putting his direction into her hand, desired that she would come and see him, as perhaps Madame de Clairville might be able to serve her.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" screamed Nina, "that must be Madame la Marquise, for whose sake my poor Bryan quitted me, and ran away from France."

The gentlemen stared, but Nina soon explained her meaning, and they took her with them to the Marquis's at her desire. Nina's heart fluttered all the way to the Marquis's with the dread of finding her lover's affection cooled. She had put on her best gown, and a smart cap trimmed with rose coloured riband, which she remembered Bryan used to say became he complexion. "But I have lost all my colour now," thought she, "and perhaps he will not recollect that it is not age, but fretting about him and hard living since I came to seek him, which has occasioned the change. Oh, if he should receive me coldly, what will become of me!"

The moment she saw Bryan she felt convinced that her fears were vain:—no words can do justice to the poor fellow's raptures on finding that she was still his own faithful Nina; and Madame de Clairville, who retained the most lively remembrance of Madame Bertrand's kindness to

herself and her child, welcomed Nina with unfeigned pleasure, and fixed an early day for the celebration of her wedding.

When it had taken place, the Marquis and herself gave the married couple the alternative of either remaining with them, or being established in any business which they preferred; but they both vehemently protested against quitting them; and, as the de Clairvilles both knew that prudence was not one of Bryan's virtues, they thought that he would, upon the whole, be better off in their family, than if trusted to his own guidance. They, therefore, assented to his remaining with them; and as Julie knew that Nina would feel hurt at not having a regular situation assigned her in the family, she engaged her in her service.

Through the interest of the Marquis, Armand de M—— obtained a situation in a merchant's counting house; and no sooner was his father's health restored, than he exerted himself, unknown to his friends, to get a similar one; he soon suc-

ceeded, but, both de Clairville and Julie thought that his health would suffer by the close application to business, which his situation would render necessary, and they tenderly reproached him with a want of confidence in their friendship.

"My friends," cried he, "you are unjust, if circumstances precluded me from the possibility of earning an independent subsistence, I would not refuse to be obliged to you, but they do not. I have now recovered my strength, and I should deem myself criminal, were I to be the means of withholding your assistance from those who really want it. Heaven knows, there are too many of our distressed countrymen who are in that predicament, and I must not rob them."

"But at least, my dear Comte," cried Julie, "promise us, that if your health suffers: you will give up the situation, you owe us this concession at least."

"I owe you every thing," cried he, "my kind friends; and, for your sakes and that of my poor boy, I will be careful of myself."

Their apprehensions, fortunately, proved vain. De M——'s health continued very good, and his close application to business was rather a relief to his mind, as it prevented him from dwelling upon the past.

All the leisure time, which de M—— and his son had from business, they spent with the Marquis's family. One day, when they dined with de Clairville, they brought with them, a noble looking man, of middle age, whom the Comte presented as the generous Captain Maxwell, who had rescued him from the horrors of a lingering death in Guyana.

They rejoiced in an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with a man whom they considered as an honour to human nature; and they found that he was not less pleasant as a companion, than estimable as a man.

CHAPTER. XXI.

It chanced that Miss Howard dined that day with the de Clairvilles; she was acquainted with the particulars of de M——'s escape, and felt a predilection for Captain Maxwell before she saw him, which was increased by his fine person and prepossessing manners.

Circumstances had latterly made Louisa's abode at Oakwood Hall uncomfortable to her. The marriage of the Misses Molesworths deprived her of many a social evening, and her eyes were opened to the real disposition of Mrs. Jones, by that lady's behaviour on her positive rejection of the brothers. Mr. Grumley, indeed, still remained, as did the worthy rector and his wife, and some few others; but Louisa sometimes felt the want of more society, and she frequently, and deeply regretted that Madame de Clair-

ville, for whom her attachment continued unabated, should be fixed in London.

As, however, the Marquise's avocations rendered it impossible for her to visit Oakwood Hall, Miss Howard made a regular yearly visit to London, where, though her home was nominally the house of Lord N———, the greatest part of her time was given to the de Clairvilles.

The similarity of disposition in Captain Maxwell and Miss Howard soon endeared them to each other; but the attachment subsisted for some time before it was discovered on either sides. The silence of Captain Maxwell proceeded from the fear that as his fortune was small, the friends of the lady might suppose him influenced by mercenary motives. Louisa had too much proper pride to betray a preference for a man, whose conduct did not give her reason to believe the passion was mutual. While things were thus situated, the Captain received an order to go out on active service. Uncertain if he should be spared to return to England, he felt that to ascertain whether he was in-

deed an object of indifference to Miss Howard, would enable him to perform his duty with double alacrity. He posted to Oakwood Hall, and had the happiness to receive the plighted faith of the only woman who ever seriously touched his worthy heart. He returned sooner than he had expected safe; and covered with laurels to claim her hand. They were united, and similar as they were in every virtue, their marriage could not prove otherwise than happy.

I must now pass over some years, during which nothing remarkable occurred to our emigrants or their friends. Laure had attained her sixteenth year, she was the darling and the pride of her parents; but her excessive sensibility gave them, on her account, many an anxious hour. Armand de M—— and Laure had lived together as brother and sister, but a hundred little circumstances betrayed to Julie, that they both, as they advanced in life, cherished for each other a much more tender sentiment than fraternal affection.

My dear Louis," said the Marquise,

one night to her husband, who seemed lost in thought, "I could almost wager, that you are reflecting on a subject which has engrossed my mind all day, the future destiny of our daughter."

"It was, indeed," said de Clairville, "the subject of my thoughts, and I fear that I shall have to reproach myself with preparing for our poor Laure a fate the most bitter."

"I understand you, my dear Louis, you think that she loves Armand M——."

"I fear that she does, and I believe that he is also attached to her; yet, situated as they both are, they cannot marry, at least not for many years to come, if at all."

Perhaps, at that moment, Julie felt a regret natural to a maternal heart, that they had not been able to save a little portion for Laure; for, as to any hope of ever recovering even a part of their estates in France, it appeared chimerical; but when she reflected upon the manner in which the money de Clairville and herself had spared from their own comforts had been bestowed, she could not repent that it

was sacrificed in the cause of humanity, and that humanity was about to receive a rich reward.

The short but memorable peace of 1801, restored to many of the emigrants permission to return to their native country, where the policy of Buonaparte restored to them whatever remained unsold of their property.

"Dear de Clairville," cried the Comte de M——, entering hastily, "have you heard the news?" The Marquis replied in the affirmative, and the Comte told him that he knew a part of his property was still unsold.

"I shall hasten," said he, "to France to claim it; and you, my dear Marquis, will also, no doubt, return thither."

"Assuredly," cried de Clairville, but my return must be a temporary one, I cannot become the subject of Buonaparte, and owing, as I do, my very existence to England, I shall, if I am fortunate enough to recover any part of my property, sit down and enjoy it in this country."

"But will the Marquise consent?"

"It is even more warmly her wish than my own."

"Heaven be praised," cried de M——, fervently, "there is then a prospect of all my wishes being realized! You must have observed the attachment of my son to your daughter."

"I may reply to your question by another," cried the Marquis, "you must have observed the attachment of my daughter to your son."

"Yes I have, she is too artless to conceal her feelings, too pure of heart to think that they need disguise; but until this fortunate event, I never cherished a hope of the young people being united, neither, I am convinced, did my poor Armand; but now, my dear Marquis, since your plan is exactly the one I will, if Heaven sends me the means, put in practice for myself, there can be no longer an objection to the marriage of our children; and, oh! what happiness it will be for me to pass my remaining days in your and their society."

But, my dear friend," replied the Mar-

quis, "how do you know that the plans which we chalked out for ourselves, may meet the wishes of our children. Laure was too young, when she quitted France, to retain any distinct recollection of it; nor has she, I am convinced, a wish to return; but Armand was old enough to remember and regret his native country."

"He will have no country but yours and Laure's. I own to you, my dear de Clairville, that supposing you would return to France, I had determined to sacrifice my own wishes to the happiness of our children, and if you consented to their union, to return with you and them; but neither Armand nor myself would willingly, if we had our choice, return to reside in France. I am inimical to the new order of things from principle; and my son retains so lively a recollection of the horrors of the revolution, that no other consideration than his desire to comply with your wishes, would induce him to think of returning."

"Still we must not be too sanguine," cried de Clairville, "perhaps we count

upon what is ours no longer. Let us, at least, ascertain what we are likely to recover, before we speak to the young people."

The Comte assented to the propriety of this precaution; but when he mentioned the necessity of it to his son, Armand found his patience, for the first time, very severely tried by his indulgent father; and as he was to accompany the Comte and Monsieur de Clairville to France, he thought it peculiarly hard to be compelled to go without revealing his sentiments to Laure.

If, however, his tongue did not betray his affection, his eyes were traitors, they made innumerable protestations of constant and unchangeable love; and Laure, who believed that she considered him as a brother, expressed openly her grief at parting with him even for a short time.

Madame de Clairville saw them go with an uneasiness, which she strove to disguise, but she found it impossible to taste of happiness till their return, which they delayed only till they could collect the wreck

which remained to them of the property they had once possessed.

The large estates of de Clairville, were all; with the exception of the one in La Vendée, sold, and as the value of that was comparatively trifling, the sum which it brought was merely sufficient for the decent support of himself and his family.

De M—— was more fortunate. His property had been originally much smaller than the Marquis's, but a greater part of it remained unsold, and he saw with delight that he would have the means of establishing his son and Laure in comfort and respectability. "What they will possess," said he to de Clairville, "though not enough for splendour, will be more than sufficient for happiness."

He was right. Armand had been early taught moderation by his misfortunes, and Julie had made it her study to give Laure a relish for those pure and simple pleasures which do not depend upon riches. Shortly after the return of the friends from France, the young couple were united. Madame de Clairville had for some time

felt that the attention which she paid to her pupils was too much for her health, and as several of those unfortunates whom her establishment had assisted her to support, were now able to return to France, she willingly resigned it, and went to reside near her friend, Mrs. Maxwell, at Oakwood Hall.

The Comte de M—— took up his residence with them, and Armand and Laure had a house at a very short distance from their parents. De Clairville and Julie happy in witnessing the felicity of their children, and in the enjoyment of a competence, which early misfortune has taught them the value of, often declare that they are happier than they were, when surrounded by splendour; and having passed through the viscissitudes of "affluence, poverty, and mediocrity," they at length find real happiness in the latter.

Bryan Dempsey and his wife still remain in the service of the Marquis, but less reasonable than his master. Bryan sometimes regrets the splendours of the Hotel de Clairville; however, he con-

soles himself for the loss of it by detailing to his rustic neighbours, the magnificence, with which it was fitted up, and the superb *fêtes bals*, *parés*, &c. at which he had the honourto attend all the *haute noblesse de France.* Warmed by the remembrance of past times, Bryan sometimes, unconsciously, enters into details, which serve to prove that all gasconaders are not confined to the banks of the Garonne, but his auditors are too much amused by his extraordinary recitals to hint any doubts of his veracity, and his good nature and obliging disposition, gains him universal good will.

"I sometimes think," said de M——, one day, when Mr. Grumley and he were speaking of past times, "our story might serve to prove, that even in this life a humane action frequently meets with a rich reward. The humanity with which Madame de Clairville treated Bryan, was the cause of saving her husband's life. by assisting the escape of the Marquis;— I preserved a friend who relieved me when I was driven to the most extreme distress. De Clairville is rewarded

for his kindness to me, by the felicity which his daughter enjoys with my son; and our faithful Bryan, whose heart never stops to take counsel of his head, when distress pleads for relief, by bestowing upon Armand the money which, as he afterwards confessed, he had previously intended to treat his fellow servants with, regained his beloved Nina. Thus it has happened, that our present felicity springs in a great measure from our having each practised in a single instance that Divine precept, of which we ought never to lose sight,—"do unto others, as ye would that they should do unto you."

HEAR BEFORE YOU JUDGE.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Wilmot, a gentleman of moderate fortune, and respectable family, while yet a young man buried a wife whom he fondly loved, and three fine children. In the course of some years afterwards he married again; but although he never behaved ill to his wife, it required a great share of good temper and address to live upon easy terms with him.

Fortunately for the second Mrs. Wilmot, she had both. And fortunately too for Edward Wilmot, Mr. Wilmot's only remaining child by his first marriage, she possessed a most excellent heart. She treated little Edward with the utmost kindness, and as she never had any chil-

dren, she soon regarded him with maternal affection.

Mr. Wilmot, though in reality fond of his son, treated him with undue severity, and more than once accused his wife of spoiling him. Edward, who was naturally susceptible, was much attached to his mother-in-law, and his affection for her, and his wish to prove that she did not spoil him, operated powerfully in checking his faults and strengthening his good qualities.

Mrs. Wilmot was too judicious to praise him in his presence, but she was proud of him ; and as he grew towards manhood, her most earnest wish was to see him happily married. Mr. Wilmot, on the contrary, though his son was turned of one and twenty, still regarded him as a mere boy, and exercised the most despotic authority over him ; even in the most trifling things.

Edward himself, longed for the period of his becoming of age, not from an idea of escaping the authority of his father, whom, severe as he was, he tenderly loved,

but because he hoped to obtain his permission to address a young lady who had been the companion of his childish sports, and whom he wished most ardently to make his companion for life.

Mr. Aubrey, the father of this young lady, was the reverse of Mr. Wilmot in temper, for he was so remarkably easy and quiescent, that his sister, who kept his house, managed him just as she pleased. He doated upon his daughter, whom he never contradicted, and as her aunt was also very indulgent, the little Ellen, had she not naturally possessed a most amiable disposition, would have been completely spoiled.

Mrs. Hargrave, Ellen's aunt, had herself received a very confined education; a circumstance which had, as she said, prevented her from marrying advantageously, and she early determined that her niece should not labour under similar disadvantages. Mrs. Aubrey had died when her daughter was little more than two years old, and immediately afte[illegible] death, Mr. Aubrey invited his [illegible]take

charge of his house. Full of her project of rendering her niece an accomplished woman, Mrs. Hargrave began almost as soon as the poor girl could speak, to have her taught every thing that a fashionable young lady ought to know; as to a knowledge of what was useful, it never occurred to Mrs. Hargrave that it could be necessary to her pretty Ellen, whose handsome face and many accomplishments would, in the opinion of her partial aunt, be more than sufficient to counterbalance her want of fortune, and to procure her a rich husband.

Ellen Aubrey's capacity was uncommonly good, and at eighteen she might be pronounced really accomplished; she was excessively pretty, her temper was sweet and gentle, and her heart was excellent.

From the time Miss Aubrey was capable of loving any one, she had loved Edward Wilmot, who was just three years older than herself. When they were children, they played together; Edward left [illegible] sports and toys with pleasure,

to provide for the amusement of Ellen, who, in return, often reserved the fine fruit or nice cakes which her papa and aunt gave her, to share them with Edward. When they were past the days of childhood, they still continued to meet frequently, because their relations were on the most intimate footing, and an interchange of kind offices and obliging attentions formed daily new links to the chain which bound them to each other.

A few days after he had completed his twenty-first year, Edward revealed to Mrs. Wilmot his passion for Miss Aubrey. Mrs. Wilmot felt some surprise at this information; for as Edward and Ellen had, from their infancy, been so much together, she had concluded, as many people do, that their affection for each other was not likely to exceed fraternal regard. She was very partial to Miss Aubrey, and had it depended upon her, she would not have hesitated to sanction Edward's passion, because she thought that Ellen might with good management make an excellent wife; but she knew that Mr

Wilmot would be of a different opinion, and she dreaded the storm which she thought the disclosure of Edward's passion would probably raise.

Nevertheless, as Ellen was now of a marriageable age, and much admired, Mrs. Wilmot could not but agree that Edward's apprehensions of being supplanted by another, if he did not declare himself were just, and she promised to open the matter to his father, and to assist the success of his application by every means in her power; but, at the same time, she warned him that she had not any very sanguine hope of success.

"Don't say so, my dear mother," cried Edward, turning pale; "for if my father should prove inexorable, he will destroy my happiness for ever."

Mrs. Wilmot made no reply, for she had nothing consoling to say, and it was not in her nature to give pain.

That day and the next passed, before Mrs. Wilmot had an opportunity to introduce the subject; but the third evening, a fit of uncommon good humour on the

part of her spouse emboldened her to reveal Edward's passion for Ellen. Mr. Wilmot listened to her with an air of displeasure, and when she had finished, declared that the boy must be mad or determined to ruin himself, else he never would think of forming such a connection.

"My dear," said Mrs. Wilmot, mildly, "you must not throw all the blame upon your son, for I own that I deserve a share of it, since I think, that though in point of fortune he might perhaps do better, he stands a fairer chance for happiness with Ellen, than he would with almost any girl I have ever seen."

"This is your opinion, Madam, is it?" said Mr. Wilmot, angrily, "then I am at no loss to account for my son's infatuation; but I shall not enter upon the subject now, I will discuss it with Edward to-morrow morning."

"You will allow me to be present, I hope?"

"I should have desired your presence," replied her ungracious husband, "if there

was any possibility of convincing you that you are in the wrong; but I never knew a woman yet who could be persuaded that she was in error. However, you may hear what I have to say, if you choose; only remember, that my opinion is not to be disputed."

Mrs. Wilmot made no reply. When the family met at breakfast the next morning, Edward was convinced by his father's countenance and manner that he knew and disapproved of his attachment to Ellen Aubrey. Never did a meal pass more uncomfortably. Mr. Wilmot found fault with every thing:—the tea was too strong,—the coffee too weak,—the toast hard, and the rolls half baked. Mrs. Wilmot, whose sweetness of temper was proof to every thing, slipped out of the room without speaking, and went herself to make him some fresh coffee and toast, but he hardly thanked her when she presented it. Edward was certain that he was the cause of his father's ill humour; and when the old gentleman ordered him to stay as he was leaving the room, after

breakfast, he almost gave up his hopes for lost.

Mr. Wilmot began with great bitterness to expatiate first upon Edward's want of duty in presuming to bestow his affections without his concurrence; and secondly, upon his folly in making choice of Ellen Aubrey, a girl, who had not one single requisite to make a good wife. "In fact," cried he, "she is too pretty, and too expensively brought up, for any man of common prudence to marry."

"My dear," said Mrs. Wilmot, laying her hand upon his arm, with a sweet smile, "I cannot hear you speak against beauty; Edward's mother was remarkably handsome, yet I have heard you say that she was an excellent wife. I had the reputation of being a pretty girl, but that has never prevented me from trying to do my duty."

Wilmot's conscience smote him; his wife was still beautiful, and her conduct was most exemplary. "I don't complain of my own lot," said he, in a softened tone; "but neither you nor Edward's mother

were brought up in the useless and absurd manner, which this girl has been."

" I agree with you she is terribly deficient in the knowledge necessary for a wife, a mother, or a mistress of a family, but it is not too late to acquire it."

" Phsaw! you talk like a woman; that is to say, without reason. It is a likely story indeed, that a girl of eighteen, accustomed to pass her hours in the practice of frivolous accomplishments, will be ready to exchange them for the performance of those homely employments, which the wife of my son ought to devote great part of her time to. That she will exchange her harp and piano, her drawing and embroidery, for the vulgar occupations of making shirts and puddings, of keeping her family accounts, and preventing, by her personal superintendence, either waste or disorder in her household?"

" Suppose, my dear, that such a change could possibly be effected, would you then object to Ellen Aubrey for your daughter-in-law?"

"No certainly, I would not; but it is of no

use to talk of impossibilities, such a change will never take place, I am convinced."

"Pardon me, my dear," said Mrs. Wilmot, "but I am certain that a little time, good advice and care, are all that is necessary to make Ellen what you wish."

"Really, Mrs. Wilmot," cried her husband, "I never knew you so egregiously mistaken in my life. But to cut this matter short, when Miss Aubrey really is what you say she will become, I have no objection to Edward's addressing her; but until then I charge him on his duty and obedience to me, not to presume to intimate his affection to her; and I solemnly declare, that if I find he transgresses my orders, he shall be an alien alike to my heart and my fortune."

As Mr. Wilmot finished his speech he walked out of the room, and Edward was too much dispirited by what he had said to attempt to urge him further.

CHAPTER II.

"Well, my dear mother," said Edward, with a deep sigh, "it is all over, and my fate is decided."

"I hope it is," replied she, "but in a very different manner to what you suppose. If Ellen is really the girl I take her to be, I believe that a little sensible advice will do much to change her habits."

"I can readily believe, that if she loved me, she would for my sake do her utmost to become what my father wishes her to be; but he has forbidden me to declare my sentiments, and how can I hope for a change which she will have no strong motive to make."

"The desire of doing right will, to a good girl like Ellen, be a strong motive; but she will have another, and one that I depend much upon. I know that her aunt Hargrave has a very small property, and

as Mr. Aubrey has but a life interest in his fortune, and lives at present up to the full extent of his income, it will be prudent for Ellen, both on her own account and that of her aunt, who is ill calculated to struggle with poverty, to make a retrenchment in her father's expenses, as well as to acquire that species of domestic knowledge, by which a prudent woman can make a small income suffice for the decent comforts of life. But remember, my dear Edward, that we must not be too sanguine; remember too what you owe to yourself, if Ellen is worthy of you, she will by degrees become what your wife ought to be; if she is not, love must yield to prudence."

"Ah!" thought Edward,

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound;"

"little does my good mother suspect that I could as soon cease to live as to love Ellen, but I will hope that it will never be necessary for me even to wish that I could cease loving her."

When Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot were again alone, he asked her how his son had taken

his declaration respecting Miss Aubrey. She replied that Edward had behaved as he ought, and that he was convinced of the necessity of waiting till Miss Aubrey gave proofs that she would make a good wife.

"Then," cried Wilmot, "he will wait a long time I fancy. I wish he would act reasonably, and give up all thoughts of her at once."

"I am afraid, my dear," said Mrs. Wilmot, "that that is more than we can expect at his age; but I have thought of a plan to bring the matter to an issue, if it meets with your approbation."

He enquired what it was.

"Why," replied Mrs. Wilmot, "you know that I have long wished to pay a visit to my sister in the country, I am certain that Mr. Aubrey will be glad to let Ellen accompany me for two or three months for the sake of her health. I shall then have an opportunity of inculcating, as I would wish to do, the necessity of attention to domestic duties, and Ellen will see that such duties are not inconsistent with

the practice of her favourite accomplishments, for my two nieces are well educated, intelligent girls. She will see them employ their time rationally and elegantly; and who knows, my dear, what effect precept and example together may have."

"I do not believe that it will have any effect at all," replied her husband, peevishly; "but you may take your own way, I shall not oppose it; but remember, I tell you before-hand, you will throw away your time."

Mrs. Wilmot cheerfully accepted this permission, ungraciously as it was given, and in a few days she mentioned her intention of paying a visit to her sister at W——, and solicited Mr. Aubrey's permission for Ellen to accompany her.

It was readily granted, and the ladies set out for the town of W——, followed by Edward's ardent wishes and prayers for the success of his kind mother's plan.

Mrs. Wilmot and her fair charge met the kindest welcome from Mrs. Meredith and her daughters. Mrs. Meredith was a

widow in good circumstances; her daughters had handsome fortunes, they lived in a style of hospitable elegance, and did a great deal of good in the town of W—— and its vicinity. Mrs. Meredith, who was herself an excellent manager, had brought up her daughters very carefully, they were not deficient in the accomplishments suitable to their rank, but they understood also to perfection the entire management of a family. They kept their mother's house each a month in turn, and they were besides proficients in every kind of plain and fancy needlework.

As they were very good natured and unreserved, Ellen soon found out how they employed a great part of their mornings, and she expressed her surprise to Mrs. Wilmot, that with such fortunes as they had, they should think it necessary to busy themselves in what might be done by servants.

This was an opportunity which Mrs. Wilmot profited by to introduce the subject so near her heart, and she spoke with

so much mildness, good sense, and judgment, that Ellen, who had an excellent understanding, began to be ashamed of her total ignorance of domestic affairs. But when Mrs. Wilmot gently but impressively touched upon the possibility that her father's death might render her knowledge of family affairs a source of the greatest comfort to her aunt, she was visibly affected, and though she said little, Mrs. Wilmot saw with pleasure that the subject sank deep into her mind.

Mrs. Wilmot had too much good sense to resume her admonitions directly; she wished that Ellen's change of habits, if it took place, might appear entirely the effect of her own good sense; nevertheless, she contrived, by occasionally questioning her nieces on domestic affairs, by observations on the best methods of making pastry and sweetmeats, and by praising occasionally their skill in needlework, to keep alive the impression she had made; and she triumphed not a little when she found that Ellen employed part of her mornings in endeavouring to acquire the art of house-

wifery, under the tuition of the Misses Meredith.

"Let your motto be hope and constancy, my dear Edward," said Mrs. Wilmot, when she wrote to her son-in-law. Edward treasured the words in his remembrance, and had recourse to them as to a talisman, whenever he felt a fear lest Ellen should not answer his father's expectations.

Mrs. Wilmot had agreed to pass three months at W——, but the importunities of her sister induced her to extend her visit to four; before, however, it was quite concluded, the illness of Mrs. Hargrave obliged her to return with Ellen to London, and in a few weeks afterwards the death of her aunt obliged Miss Aubrey to assume the management of her father's house.

This was an event exceedingly favourable to Mrs. Wilmot's hopes of seeing Ellen become a good house-wife. She perceived, with real satisfaction, that Miss Aubrey took an interest and a pleasure in her new employment: too modest and too

inexperienced to trust entirely to her own judgment, she frequently solicited advice which Mrs. Wilmot felt happy to give; and when Ellen set about making a set of shirts for her father, Mrs. Wilmot could hardly refrain from embracing her for verifying so completely her prophecy, that she would turn out a fit wife for Edward.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Wilmot one evening, after they had returned from dining at Mr. Aubrey's, "What do you think of Ellen now? Was not the stuffing of the turkey excellent, and could the tarts and custards be better?"

Mr. Wilmot's brow relaxed a little of its usual austerity, while he replied: "You are in a great hurry, methinks, to triumph in your superior penetration."

"Indeed, my dear, you wrong me; penetration had nothing to do in the business. Had you been as intimately acquainted with this dear girl as I was, you would have judged of her as I did, because you would have known that the natural excellence of her disposition would render

it an easy task to put her in the right way."

This gentle and conciliating reply was of great service to Edward's cause. Mr. Wilmot's self-love was gratified by the compliment it implied to his understanding, and he fairly owned that there was a change in Ellen, and a wonderful one too for the better.

"Heaven be praised!" cried Mrs. Wilmot.

"My dear good father!" said Edward.

"Softly, softly," cried Wilmot, "let us act like reasonable people. I admit that a great change has taken place, but how do we know that this change will be lasting?"

Edward's countenance fell.

"My dear husband," cried Mrs. Wilmot, "this is not like yourself; it is the first time I have seen you give way to suspicion."

"No, my dear," said Mr. Wilmot, with more kindness than he was in the habit of speaking, "it is prudence, and not suspi-

cion, which makes me speak as I do; nor will I exact an unreasonable trial of Edward's patience. I declare to you that if this young creature really continues to act as she does now, I shall be happy to receive her as my daughter. All that I ask is, that matters may remain as they are for a few, a very few months longer; if no alteration takes place in that time, I will do every thing a father ought to forward Edward's marriage with her."

Wilmot had scarcely spoken when his son was at his feet embracing his knees with tears of joy, and perhaps Wilmot himself never in his life felt a pleasure so great and so pure, as he experienced when he raised and blessed the grateful and dutiful youth.

Mrs. Wilmot would have been better pleased, had the proposal been made directly, but this did not arise from any doubts of Ellen's stability, but from her fear of some other offer equally, or perhaps more advantageous, being made to her. However, she comforted herself with

the belief that Edward had a friend in Miss Aubrey's heart, and she was certain that Aubrey loved his daughter too well to put any force upon her inclinations.

CHAPTER III.

Some months passed away: Mrs. Wilmot saw with delight that Ellen continued to be a good housewife, without forgetting that she was a gentlewoman. She was never caught in *déshabillé*, never entertained her friends with domestic details, or by ostentatious preparations for company, gave her guests reason to suppose it was a trouble rather than a pleasure to her to receive them.

In another respect, too, an alteration took place which Mrs. Wilmot had not even hoped for; Ellen was naturally fond of dress, and had always been accustomed to dress well. Mrs. Wilmot perceived, however, when she went out of mourning for her aunt, that she had no new clothes, and that she generally wore only the plainest things she had. She was remarking this one day to Mr. Wilmot, and at the

same time she gaily observed, "we must take care that our intended reformation does not transform our dear girl into a miser." She heard Edward suppress a sigh, and looking up at him, she perceived that he was as pale as death; he complained of a dizziness and pain in his head, and saying that he would try to obtain a little sleep, was about to retire, when his father calling him back, said with a smile, "that he fancied he should for once prove a tolerable physician."

"Sit down, Edward," continued he, "and listen to me; I owe you a reward, and you shall have it. You have waited the result of my pleasure with regard to Ellen Aubrey with more patience than I had expected from your ardent temper; but my doubts are now at an end, I believe her to be a truly good girl, and this evening I mean to ask her father's consent to to your union."

"Joy! joy! my dear Edward!" cried Mrs. Wilmot, flinging her arms around his neck; but she started when she perceived in-

stead of joy, his countenance expressed grief and embarrassment.

Surprised at his silence, Mr. Wilmot hastily enquired whether he was ill—"No, Sir," replied Edward, hesitatingly, "not ill, but I wish ——— I should be glad to speak —— I —— I ——" Here he paused seemingly overcome by his feelings, and Mr. Wilmot now seriously alarmed, begged of him for God's sake to say what was the matter.

"My dear father," cried he, "you will blame me, and perhaps with reason, when I tell you that my sentiments have suffered a total change with regard to Miss Aubrey; and so far from desiring to unite myself to her, no consideration can now induce me to make her for my wife." He uttered his speech with a rapidity which defied interruption, and the moment he had concluded it, he rushed out of the room, leaving his father and Mrs. Wilmot lost in astonishment.

The latter first recovered the use of her tongue, a circumstance my male readers will think perfectly natural. "Good Hea-

vens! my dear," cried she, "can you conceive the reason of this astonishing change? Surely some strange arts must have been employed to effect a misunderstanding between him and Ellen."

"There can be but one excuse for him," said Mr. Wilmot, and that is a partial derangement of intellect; if his behaviour arises from any other cause, he must be either a fool or a rascal, and I grieve from my soul that he is my son."

Although in her heart Mrs. Wilmot condemned Edward, she strove to palliate his behaviour, and to soothe his father's anger, she urged that he might yet return to his former affection for Ellen; and that even if he did not, as he had never made any protestations of attachment, the change of his sentiments could neither reflect disgrace upon him, nor cause any mortification to her.

"Wife, wife," interrupted Mr. Wilmot, "you know now that you are speaking against your conscience; if Edward's tongue has been silent, his eyes were eloquent enough; the girl must have been

blind not to have seen that he loved her, and now to desert her in this shameless, unfeeling manner, after he has probably gained her heart. No; it is impossible for him to excuse his behaviour, and I would rather see him dead, than know that he had acted so dishonourably."

The old man's voice faultered, Mrs. Wilmot saw that this was not a moment to urge the matter further, and she remained silent.

The next morning she took an opportunity to talk the business over with Edward. She found him more composed than he had been the day before, but he adhered inflexibly to his resolution not to propose for Ellen; and the only reason he assigned for his change of sentiments was, that he was convinced their dispositions were too opposite to allow even a chance of their being happy together. When Mrs. Wilmot urged the possibility that Ellen's affections might be his, he disclaimed all endeavours to gain them: the strict injunction of his father had made him, he said, refrain even from an expres-

sion that might be construed into more than friendship, and he was convinced that Ellen felt no sentiment for him more tender than that sisterly regard, which their long intimacy was likely to have given rise to.

Mrs. Wilmot thought that Miss Aubrey's regard for him was of a much warmer nature, but she would not degrade her favourite, in the eyes of a man who renounced her, by intimating her suspicions. She expressed her fear, either that some misunderstanding had arisen between the lovers, or that some one had prejudiced Edward against his mistress; but he solemnly assured her that nothing of the kind had taken place. He even owned he still loved Miss Aubrey, but he persisted in saying they never could be happy together.

Perplexed, grieved, and disappointed, Mrs. Wilmot suffered the subject to drop, and endeavoured to console herself with a hope that a little time would restore Edward to reason. Mr. Wilmot was so much incensed, that he, at first, thought of

obliging his son to quit his house, but the remonstrances of Mrs. Wilmot prevented his taking this step. Edward continued at home, and even occasionally visited at Mr. Aubrey's, though as his visits were made merely to preserve appearances, they were less frequent than formerly.

Let us now endeavour to acquit our hero of the heavy charge of inconstancy. When Ellen returned from the country, his visits to her father's were very frequent, and he saw with the greatest delight the alteration in Ellen's employments; but some circumstances occurred, which gave him, in spite of himself, a suspicion that she was becoming parsimonious. He was present one day, when a poor woman, to whom Mrs. Wilmot had been very kind, applied to Miss Aubrey for some assistance for a sick husband, Ellen appeared affected with the poor woman's tale, but she did not give her any relief, neither did she promise her any in future. Edward knew also that she parted with an old servant, and took in her place a young girl from

the country. Edward had met the discharged servant a short time before she quitted the family, and she had expressed to him, that the reason she quitted the family was, because the new servant came for less wages.

Edward knew that Miss Aubrey did not practice this last piece of economy to save her father's money, for he had heard her say that Mr. Aubrey gave her a certain sum for the expence of house-keeping; it must be therefore to save a part of this that she had parted with Jenkins. But there were two circumstances, which more than all the rest convinced him that she loved money.

One day, prior to her discharging Jenkins, and just before she went out of mourning for Mrs. Hargrave, Edward paid a morning visit to Mr. Aubrey, who was writing a cheque on his banker, at the moment of young Wilmots's entrance. "You are come in time, Edward," said he, "to see this girl pick my pocket," and as he spoke, he handed his daughter

the cheque. She glanced her eyes over it with a disappointed air, and then said, "I thought you promised me twenty-five, papa, and this is only for twenty." "Well," replied Mr. Aubrey, good humouredly, "I think twenty is enough to buy you as many furbelows as you can possibly want; but, however, if I have promised, I suppose I must keep my word." He took out his purse, and gave her five pounds, observing at the same time, "that that would do as well as his taking the trouble to write another cheque."

The day being very fine, Mr. Aubrey proposed a walk, to which Edward readily acceded. Miss Aubrey accompanied them, and as their house was near the New Road, they walked that way, but they had not proceeded far, when a poor looking man, who was walking before them suddenly dropped down in a fainting fit. They hastened to his assistance, and with some difficulty succeeded in recovering him.

When he was able to speak, he said he lived at a few paces distance, and the gentlemen giving him each an arm, they proceeded to his home accompanied by Ellen.

CHAPTER IV.

ALTHOUGH the poor fellow made no complaint his whole appearance was so indicative of extreme distress, that both the Aubreys and Edward had no doubt that his illness proceeded from a want of food. When they reached his dwelling, he thanked them respectfully, and in very good language, for their kindness, and saying that he would not trouble them to go up stairs, as he felt equal to ascending without assistance, he wished them good morning.

Mr. Aubrey, who was really humane, insisted upon going up with him, and persevered in doing so notwithstanding his excuses. Edward and Miss Aubrey remained below, but a hasty call from Mr. Aubrey induced them to follow him. The poor man had fainted on reaching his

room, the miserable appearance of which corroborated the suspicions they had previously entertained, that he was ill from want of nourishment.

As soon as he was once more restored to himself, Mr. Aubrey took out his purse, and delicately intimating what he thought of his situation, put half a guinea into his hand. The poor man burst into tears. "God bless you, Sir!" said he, "I would have died, rather than have asked relief, but indeed my distress is very great."

This acknowledgment emboldened Edward to come forward with a small sum, Ellen seemed to hesitate for a moment, but she put her hand in her pocket, and as Edward stood, he could not avoid seeing the amount of her gift, which was half a crown.

Edward felt at that moment a sensation of extreme disappointment. She had just received twenty-five pounds, could she, with that sum in her possession, hesitate to bestow a small part of it upon a person, whose distress was the more

touching, because he was evidently not a beggar, although in a situation of the most extreme want? Was it possible that she refrained from affording him some effectual relief, because she intended to devote the whole sum to the purchase of fashionable dress? No, thought Edward, she can never be so unfeeling, doubtless she intends to take another opportunity of assisting this poor man, and this idea restored her to his good opinion.

To do Edward justice, his natural benevolence would have made him eager at any rate to see the poor man again; but he refrained from going the next day, because he hoped on the succeeding one to hear that Ellen had been there before him, but he was again disappointed, she had neither called nor sent: it is only the second day, thought he, and I will not give up hope so soon.

He found that the poor man had been a country school-master, and had lived for some years in comfort and respectability; but through the extravagance of a son, his only child, he was gradually reduced to want, and to add to his affliction, this

ungrateful son, when he had involved him in debt, quitted the country, without leaving any cluc to where he was going. The father, almost broken hearted at this unnatural desertion, resigned to his creditors the little remaining property he had, which consisted only of his furniture, and having received intelligence that his son was in London, he quitted his native place, and came to London in search of him. His search, however, had proved vain, and his endeavours to procure employment being abortive, he was soon reduced to the miserable state in which Edward and the Aubreys found him.

The manner in which the poor man related his story, sensibly touched young Wilmot, he promised to befriend him, and he kept his word effectually, by procuring him employment to copy for an attorney. Mr. Aubrey called upon him in a few days afterwards, and expressed much pleasure at finding him better and likely to gain a comfortable livelihood. Ellen

was present when her father mentioned to Edward that he had seen Somers, which was the poor man's name; he thought she blushed when Mr. Aubrey began speaking of him, but she took no part in their conversation, and Edward was forced to believe, that having resolved to expend in dress the money given by her father, she did not chuse to risk being tempted to part with any of it for other purposes, and therefore she refrained from going to Somers's habitation.

Edward was no judge of female attire, perhaps too he feared to scrutinize the matter too closely; but when he heard Mrs. Wilmot declare that Ellen had not made any purchases since she went out of mourning, his fears that she was avaracious were at once confirmed, and his father's declaration that he meant to speak immediately to Mr. Aubrey, impelled him to declare that Ellen could never be his wife.

Nevertheless, although he persisted in refusing to address her, he could not cease

to love her. He reflected frequently, and with the greatest surprise, upon the singular change in her temper: when a child, she was generous to excess, she had in fact no pleasure so great as that of dividing with her playmates whatever she possessed. As she grew older she was thoughtless and rather extravagant, but he had never perceived the smallest appearance of selfishness in her disposition, on the contrary, she had always appeared of a most generous temper; yet now she seemed absolutely callous to the distresses of others, and totally indifferent to that finery of which she was once but too fond.

Hour after hour did Edward pass in endeavouring to assign a probable cause for such extraordinary behaviour, but he could conceive none except avarice, and dear as Ellen still was to him, he shrunk from the idea of an avaricious wife with mingled aversion and disgust.

Through the good management of Mrs. Wilmot no apparent change took place in the friendship which subsisted between the families, although they did not meet quite

so often as they used to do. Mrs. Wilmot was exceedingly alarmed at the visible change which took place in Ellen's spirits; she became grave and at times even melancholy, she shunned all occasions of going into public, and Mrs. Wilmot saw clearly she had some secret sorrow which would, she feared, at last undermine her health.

At first she was inclined to place her altered manners to Edward's account, but the readiness with which Ellen spoke of him, the regret which she openly expressed, that they saw less of him than formerly, and the unembarrassed manner in which she behaved to him when they did meet, all tended to prove that he had no share in her uneasiness. She had no professed admirer, and Mrs. Wilmot knew that among the circle of her acquaintances there was not one likely to touch her heart. She more than once hinted a wish that Ellen would disclose to her the sorrow which she evidently laboured under, but although she had hitherto found her young friend as open as day, yet on this one point she maintained an inflexible reserve, and Mrs.

Wilmot felt so piqued at her want of confidence, that she began by degrees to slacken in the attentions which she had hitherto paid her.

Matters were thus situated, when Mr. Stanton, an old friend of Mr. Wilmot, who resided at a considerable distance from London, died, and left his daughter, who was the only child, to the guardianship of Mr. Wilmot. Mr. Stanton requested almost in his last moments that his daughter might reside either in Mr. Wilmot's family, or else somewhere in London, where she would be under his immediate inspection. He made this request because he knew that his daughter loved him so tenderly, that change of scene would be necessary to assist her in overcoming her grief for his loss.

Mr. Wilmot went himself to D——, the town in which Mr. Stanton had resided, to fetch Maria Stanton, whom he requested to become his inmate for a short time; observing, that if she wished after a few weeks or months to change her residence, he would be happy to place her in any

other eligible one that she preferred. She accepted his offer in a manner which prepossessed him in her favour, and Mrs. Wilmot was so much interested by the sorrow with which the loss of her father had overwhelmed her, that she soon became very much attached to her.

Maria was indeed one of those people whom it would be difficult to live with without loving, for she was naturally amiable, and had a caressing sweetness of manner which gained her your affection, even before you knew whether she was worthy to possess it. Her disposition and qualities were truly feminine; she was gentle, affectionate, full of sensibility with a lively imagination, and a tolerable capacity, but she had little strength of mind, she was extremely helpless, and her softness sometimes degenerated into insipidity.

Her large fortune and amiable temper, however, rendered her in the eyes of Mrs. Wilmot likely to prove an eligible wife for Edward; it is true, she would much rather have seen him married to Ellen,

but of that there seemed no likelihood, and she thought she could perceive that he was gradually gaining ground in Maria's good graces, although he appeared to regard her with indifference.

CHAPTER V.

Miss Stanton had distant relations in London, a widow lady and her daughter; they were people who lived in a genteel style, and were, what the world calls, respectable; but neither the mother nor daughter were women of that class, that Mrs. Wilmot would have selected as friends for Maria. The mother was still handsome and extremely vain and coquettish. The daughter was her counterpart in disposition, but nature had been less bountiful to her person, and she regarded, with evident envy, those young people whose beauty rendered them likely to rival her in the admiration of the gentlemen.

She conducted herself, however, with outward complacency towards Maria, for which she had two motives. Miss Stanton, though handsome, was not a girl likely to attract general admiration; because,

though her features were regular they wanted animation; her complexion was but indifferent, and she was too honest to use art to improve it. Letitia Morley, therefore did not consider her as a dangerous competitor for the meed of beauty, and she was convinced that she might prove a useful friend. Miss Morley, though very vain, had none of that proper pride which makes obligation burthensome; distractedly fond of dress, she never scrupled to avail herself of any little arts by which she could make an elegant addition to her wardrobe; and the soft and yielding temper of Maria seemed to promise Miss Morley those occasional supplies of cash, which her extravagance often rendered necessary, and always desirable.

In her visits to the Wilmot family, Letitia sometimes met Ellen Aubrey, of whom Maria soon became very fond. Miss Morley would have disliked Ellen on this account alone, but she soon had a more powerful reason to do so. A young gentleman of large fortune whose heart she fancied herself secure of, because he sometimes

talked nonsense to, and flirted with her, saw and was captivated with Ellen. His attachment to her soon became evident, and Miss Morley's rage and jealousy were beyond bounds.

One day when she dined at Mr. Wilmot's, she brought upon the *tapis* Mr. West's attachment to Ellen; she affirmed that Miss Aubrey had taken great pains to attract him, "and I believe," continued she, "that she has so far succeeded that it will soon be a match. Upon my word a man of his fortune is no bad catch for a girl like Ellen, and she certainly has played her cards with great cleverness; but I think your pattern Misses, do in general manœuvre to procure good establishments"

"It is a great pity then," said Maria, with a spirit which she very seldom displayed, "that other Misses do not manœuvre in the same manner as Miss Aubrey, that instead of trusting to dress and coquettry for admirers, they do not behave in such a manner as to challenge esteem as well as admiration."

"Miss Stanton," cried Mr. Wilmot, "I will take a glass of wine with you to the health of your friend. Your defence of her does honour to yourself, she is a truly good girl, and if West should obtain her, he will never have reason to repent of his choice."

"I am very much mistaken, my dear Sir," said Maria, "if he ever does obtain her. He has no positive recommendation except his fortune, and I know very little of Ellen Aubrey, if that will be sufficient to procure him her hand."

"While Miss Stanton and Mr. Wilmot were speaking, Miss Morley sat boiling with rage which good manners obliged her to suppress; the uncommon mildness of Maria rendered her doubly provoked at a retort so little expected; her mortification was heightened by perceiving that Mrs. Wilmot, though she remained silent, evidently approved of the spirit which her young friend displayed; but what was worst of all Edward, whose countenance was even more expressive than that of Mrs. Wilmot, seemed to have the greatest difficulty to

preserve a silent neutrality; his dark eyes were fixed upon her with a look in which indignation seemed to struggle with contempt; and the next moment they were turned upon Maria with a glance of acknowledgment, in which pleasure and admiration were visibly blended."

Until then Letitia had not suspected that Edward Wilmot took a particular interest in Miss Aubrey, but now she felt convinced of it; and as she more than half suspected that her cousin was partial to Edward, she resolved to enjoy the malignant pleasure of opening her eyes to his sentiments for Ellen, while at the same time she intended, if it could possibly be effected, to detach his affections from Miss Aubrey, and fix them upon herself.

Her vanity blinded her to the little chance there was, that a man who loved Ellen Aubrey, could be drawn from his affection for her by a woman, so totally different as Miss Morley was. Occupied with her scheme she was not much disturbed by perceiving that during the remainder of the day Edward addressed him-

self frequently to Maria, and treated her with uncommon attention. Maria was unusually animated, and it was plain Edward's civilities gave her pleasure : a pleasure which the malignant Letitia exulted in thinking she had the power to destroy.

The next morning Letitia came early to Mr. Wilmot's under the pretext of asking Maria to accompany her in shopping. She found Miss Stanton, as she expected, in *déshabillé*, and she accompanied her to her chamber when she went to change her dress.

Eager to see the effect which her communication would produce upon Maria, Letitia with officious eagerness, dismissed Miss Stanton's maid, and said she would herself assist her cousin in dressing. She soon took an opportunity to introduce the real object of her visit, by saying carelessly, "really this pattern Miss of yours must have some strange art of attaching people : I drew myself into a fine scrape yesterday, by giving my sentiments about

"Indeed," replied Maria, gravely, "I was sorry to hear you speak slightingly of an amiable girl, and one who is so deservedly a favourite with my guardian and his family."

"Yes," replied Letitia, "she is indeed a favourite, I perceive, but I did not till yesterday know to what extent. Pray when are we to have the wedding?"

"Wedding! what wedding?" repeated Maria.

"Nay, now my dear, don't affect ignorance, I am sure you must see that Edward Wilmot loves her."

"No, indeed, I never suspected such a thing," said Maria, turning pale.

"Bless me, child! where are your eyes? One would suppose that you did not really open them at dinner yesterday, or else I think you might have seen in the fiery glances Edward cast on me, and the kind looks he bestowed on your ladyship the state of his heart."

Poor Maria had ascribed those looks to a very different cause, and the motive which Letitia assigned for them appeared

to her so probable, that it gave her heart a pang which was visible in her countenance.

Letitia saw her discomposure with the greatest satisfaction, but she was too politic to betray it, nor did she take any notice of Maria's unusual silence and abstraction during the rest of the morning.

She had, however, from an over eagerness to do mischief, defeated in some degree her own purpose. Maria was certainly prepossessed in Edward's favour, but her passion for him was yet in its first stage; she felt that it would cost her an effort to conquer it, but she had sense enough to know that the effort must be made, though her extreme sensibility would render it a painful one. Her heart was too pure to feel either envy or dislike to Ellen; nevertheless, she could not help cherishing a hope, that their affection might not be mutual; and this hope did not appear ill founded, since if it was, she saw no obstacle to their being united.

The speech of Miss Morley had sunk deep into the mind of Edward, he antici-

pated with dread the possibility of Ellen's becoming the wife of Mr. West; and in the fear that she would be lost to him for ever, he felt almost tempted to open his heart to Mrs. Wilmot; to acknowledge to her his real reason for declining the proposed alliance with Miss Aubrey, and to intreat her opinion as to the possibility of inducing Ellen to conquer what appeared to him her only failing.

A night's reflection prevented his taking this step; he considered, and with justice, that a tendency to avarice can hardly ever be eradicated from a mind that has once cherished it, that it is a vice which always increases with age; and if Ellen, while still a girl, had given such evident proofs of it, what might he not expect she would become in advanced age. He recollected with a sigh her inhumanity to the poor school-master; her dismissal of an old and faithful servant, and the artifice she had used to gain from her father a sum of which she evidently made no use. These remembrances rose in terrible array against poor Ellen, and the result of them

was, that Edward suffered matters to remain as they were.

Mrs. Wilmot had observed the evident interest which he took in Maria's defence of Ellen, and it struck her that from whatever cause he had declined proposing for Miss Aubrey, his affection for her was still undiminished; and as many months had now passed since he declined her hand, this circumstance surprised her exceedingly. For the first time a suspicion struck her that Edward's conduct did not spring from caprice, or from a misunderstanding with Ellen, but was the result of some entanglement which he was ashamed to own, and could not get rid of; and this idea appeared to her so likely, that she immediately adopted it, though it grieved her exceedingly to think, that Edward could be so unworthy of the high opinion she had hitherto entertained of him.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. West, the gentleman whose admiration of Ellen Aubrey, had roused all the ungentle passions in the bosom of Miss Morley, was one of those people whom the world pronounce very fortunate. He was respectably descended, but having little property, he was obliged to make choice of a profession: he chose the law, but just as he began to study it, a distant relation, from whom he never had any expectations died, and left him a good property. This circumstance induced him to renounce his profession, which was one he had never liked, and as his friends told him that any profession would be incompatible with his newly acquired consequence and fortune, he resolved to sit down and enjoy his acquisition at leisure.

While our young student had been poring over Coke upon Littleton, he considered leisure as the *summum bonum* of earthly felicity; and those hours which he could steal from his dry and fatiguing studies, employ them how he would, always seemed too short; but he was soon cloyed with the leisure he had so eagerly coveted; and to escape the tedium of idleness, he entered into pursuits which neither did credit to his heart nor his understanding. By these pursuits, of which gaming was one, he would probably soon have injured his fortune, had not his meeting with Ellen, whom he got acquainted with through Letitia Morley, given a check to his fondness for them.

West was extremely handsome, he was a general favourite with the ladies, and had he been disposed to marry, he might more than once have done it advantageously; but Ellen Aubrey was the first woman who seriously touched his heart, and *malgré* her want of fortune, he determined to offer her his hand; nor did he antici-

pate the probability of a refusal from a girl, whose want of fortune would make the marriage on her side a very advantageous one.

Believing himself secure of success, West spoke openly of his intentions, even before he had made his proposals to Mr. Aubrey. The old gentleman was not insensible to the pecuniary advantages of such an alliance, and though in other respects, West was not exactly the sort of man he would have chosen for a son-in-law, he was willing to believe that Ellen might by degrees convert him into an estimable and settled character.

Nevertheless, although Mr. Aubrey wished that the marriage should take place, he loved Ellen too tenderly to influence her decision in a matter on which the future happiness of her life depended. He tol West frankly that he had his best wishes for his succes, but that it must rest with his daughter to accept or reject his proposals. West seemed to be by no means disheartened at the reference to

Ellen, but he begged of her father to open the business to her, which Aubrey promised to do that very day.

"Well, Ellen," said he, as they were sitting together after dinner, "I never expected that you would have turned out so good a house-keeper; for my poor sister's method of educating you, did not promise to render you very clever in domestic matters, but you took to them of yourself, and a great comfort it has been to me that you did so, for I never before found my home such a happy one; but yet, child, I cannot be so selfish as to expect to keep you always with me."

"And why not, my dear father," said Ellen, affectionately? "I can never enjoy greater happiness than in contributing to yours."

"I believe you think so, my child, but I cannot be so selfish as to suffer you to pass the prime of your days with your old father, and I have received to-day a proposal for you, which most young women would readily accept."

He now proceeded to detail the offer of West, which was certainly a very liberal one, and he begged of his daughter to consider attentively the advantages of such an alliance.

"My dear father," cried Ellen, "although I do not really feel the smallest preference for Mr. West, yet if he was a different sort of man, I would consider before I rejected him, but all that I have either seen or heard of him, convinces me that he is not a man with whom I ever could be happy, and I am sure you love your Ellen too well to wish to see her splendidly miserable."

"God forbid that I should ever see you so!" returned Aubrey; "but yet I cannot help thinking that you decide too hastily on this proposal. I know that West has been guilty of some follies, or, rather, to speak the truth, of some vices, but he is young, his bad habits are not yet confirmed, his attachment to you is a proof that he is capable of a generous and disinterested passion, and I believe, that a wife,

such as I am convinced you would make him, might produce a great and a most desirable change in his character. There is also, my dearest Ellen, another consideration, which I think it right to lay before you: the little income of your Aunt Hargrave, as you well know, was only a life annuity; and, although, during her residence with me, she might have saved a great part of it, she left nothing behind her. I have only a life interest in my property, and my own carelessness, the expenses of your education, and perhaps, I might add also, your aunt's want of economy in the management of my house, have prevented me from saving any thing worth speaking of. If I should die, my dear Ellen, before you are settled in life, think how much the reflection of leaving you unprovided for, would embitter my last moments."

The old man's voice faultered, Ellen threw her arms fondly round his neck, "My dear father," cried she, "the terrible event to which you allude, is one which

we may reasonably suppose is likely to be yet at a great distance; but even if Heaven's will was otherwise, still I should not be so destitute as you suppose; the money you expended in my education has not been thrown away; domestic duties, though they have engrossed a great part of my time, have not prevented me from occasionally practising those accomplishments which might hereafter be turned into a means of subsistence. My kind friend Mrs. Wilmot first opened my eyes to the folly of a young person, whose expectations were so moderate as mine, passing her time in the idle and unprofitable manner I used to do; thanks to her advice and instruction, I have acquired habits which would fit me, if necessary, to endure adversity; and surely, my dear father, the most humble existence would be preferable to becoming the wife of a man whom I do not love, and whose reformation is so exceedingly doubtful."

"Say no more, my dear Ellen," cried Aubrey, pressing her to his heart, "what

I urged in favour of the match was for your sake, not for mine: for Heaven knows, I do not wish to part with you! But since you are so determined against it, I will never mention the subject again."

Ellen thanked her father by a tender embrace, and the next day Mr. West was informed by the old gentleman of the ill success of his suit. The rejection of his addresses, though worded in a manner the least likely to hurt his feelings, stung him severely. At first he could scarcely believe that Ellen was serious in her rejection, and when convinced that she was so, he behaved in so ungracious a manner, that Mr. Aubrey parted from him thoroughly displeased with his behaviour, and more than half inclined to rejoice in Ellen's rejection of his offers.

The confidential terms upon which Aubrey was with old Mr. Wilmot, produced a disclosure of what had passed, and with the fond exultation of parental love, Aubrey detailed his daughter's conversation with him respecting West's

offer. The propriety and delicacy of Ellen's sentiments upon this occasion, excited in the mind of Mr. Wilmot fresh regrets that Edward's unaccountable caprice had robbed him of the chance of such a daughter-in-law.

Though an ill-tempered, Mr. Wilmot was not by any means, an ill-natured man; he had long since forgiven Edward, and by a sort of tacit agreement, the name of Ellen was never mentioned between the father and son. Sometimes, indeed, Mr. Wilmot would indulge himself in a philippic against the young men of the present day, and among the faults which he liberally bestowed upon them, inconsistency and want of steadiness were always sure to be placed in the most glaring light. Edward was at no loss to discover against whom these sarcasms were particularly pointed, but he always listened in silence, and without reply to reflections, which he felt his conduct appeared to have merited.

To Edward's honour it must be observed, that he had never, in the most indirect manner, indicated his suspicions

of Ellen's foible; he could not bear to lower her in the opinion of his father and mother, and he well knew that nothing could sink her so much in their estimation, as the idea that she was avaricious.

CHAPTER VII.

EDWARD had been absent from home the whole of the day in which Mr. Aubrey communicated to his friend his daughter's rejection of West. Miss Stanton having a slight cold had retired to bed early, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot were sitting *tête-à-tête* when Edward returned. Wilmot's brow was unusually clouded; he scarcely spoke to his son, and soon retired.

"Has any thing disagreeable occurred during my absence?" said Edward to Mrs. Wilmot, "my father seemed either ill or displeased with me."

"I do not believe that he is either," replied she; "but our neighbour Aubrey has been speaking to him about Mr. West and Ellen; West has, it seems, made very liberal proposals for her."

"Which are, I suppose, accepted," said Edward, "but he pronounced the words with difficulty, and Mrs. Wilmot saw that he spoke with considerable effort.

"No," answered she, "Ellen has rejected him in a manner which does her honour."

Edward was silent, but his countenance sufficiently expressed the joy which this intelligence gave him. He rose, and wishing his mother good night, was going, but Mrs. Wilmot laying her hand upon his arm desired him to sit down, as she wanted to have some conversation with him.

Never was a command so unwelcome to Edward, who surmised very justly that his behaviour to Ellen was to be the subject of his mother's discourse. He was shocked when Mrs. Wilmot indicated to him her suspicions, that his rejection of his father's offer to speak to Mr. Aubrey, proceeded from some secret entanglement; but though he positively denied this charge, he continued steadfastly to refuse giving any reason for his change of sentiments, except the one he had before assigned, that is to

say, his belief that Ellen and himself were not likely to be happy together.

"It is impossible," cried Mrs. Wilmot, "that any man who has ever felt a sentiment of preference for Ellen Aubrey, could be unhappy in an union with her, unless it was his own fault. But go, Edward, I must not trust myself to talk further with you upon this subject."

"My dearest mother," cried Edward, respectfully taking her hand, "I grieve that I cannot be as explicit with you upon this point as I have been and always shall be on every other; but you must conceive that my reasons, whatever they may be, are at least in my own opinion strong, since I do not attempt to conceal from you that I still love Ellen, nay, I fear that I never shall conquer my attachment to her."

West had not the good sense to remain quiet under his disappointment. He had been in the habit of speaking of Miss Aubrey in terms of rapturous and exaggerated praise; he now affected to ridicule her as a raw, prudish girl, who had no

knowledge of the world, and who was quite unfit to shine in *le beau monde.* The pique which was evident in his manner of speaking of her betrayed what he was most anxious to conceal, and though Ellen's good sense and delicacy led her to keep the matter secret, she had generally the credit of having refused him.

Some Misses who wished to attach him, affected to be incredulous on this point, and among them was Miss Morley. She affected to believe that she was quite mistaken in supposing that West ever had any serious thoughts of Ellen; and she asserted, that if he had made proposals, it was evident, from the pains which Miss Aubrey had taken to gain his attention, that she would have accepted them.

She could scarcely, indeed, confine her rancour against Ellen within the bounds of decency, for she had the mortification to see that the pains which she took to rob her of the regard of Miss Stanton, appeared to produce an effect directly contrary to what she hoped and expected. Maria and Ellen were as cordial as ever;

nay, their friendship appeared to increase rather than diminish, since Letitia had intimated her suspicions, that Miss Aubrey was the chosen of Edward's heart; and the malignant Miss Morley would have been actually miserable at the ill-success of her attempt to disunite them, had she not perceived Maria more thoughtful than she had ever known her, and at times she was visibly dejected, although it was evident that she strove to hide her melancholy under an air of forced cheerfulness, or to excuse it under pretence of having a headache, or being fatigued.

Letitia's malignity had indeed taken some effect, though not to the extent she wished and expected. Maria had unconsciously cherished a partiality for Edward, which her natural want of firmness, (the radical defect of her character) rendered it difficult for her to subdue. Anxious to learn Ellen's sentiments for Edward, she once tried to rally her about him, but her reply convinced Maria that whatever might be Edward's regard for Miss Aubrey he had never disclosed it.

"I cannot think," said Maria, with a conscious blush, "how Edward and you, so amiable as you both are, could be so much together as you formerly were, without falling in love with each other."

"Ellen sighed, and Maria thought that she could perceive the colour mount into her face, but she stooped to recover something which she had dropped, and when she again looked up her colour was as usual."

"Edward is indeed very amiable," answered she; "I think that I could not love him better if he was my brother, and I believe he feels the greatest friendship for me. As to any other sentiment I have no reason to suppose he feels it."

"But," said Maria, with affected gaiety, "don't you know what the poet says?"

"Friendship with woman is sister to love."

"That," replied Ellen, "may be the case perhaps, when the friendship is formed after both parties have attained years of maturity; but it is different with Edward

and myself, we have known each other from our childhood. I will own to you, however, my dear Maria, that there was once a time, when I thought Edward viewed me with preference; although I cannot exactly tell why I supposed so; for though he was frequently here, and his manners were certainly more affectionate than they are now, he never avowed any sentiment warmer than friendship; and it is more than probable that I deceived myself, and misinterpreted what might after all be only brotherly regard."

"No," cried the ingenuous Maria, "I am convinced that you did not deceive yourself: I really believe that Edward loves you."

The rich glow which mantled the cheek of Ellen, the delight which beamed in her dark blue eyes, proved that the intelligence was not heard with indifference; and Maria, unable to bear the confirmation of her fears, that the partiality was mutual, burst into tears.

"Good Heaven! my dearest Maria!"

cried Ellen, shocked at her emotion, "what is the matter?"

Maria's tell-tale blushes were her only reply, but Ellen instantly comprehended the cause of her tears; however unwilling to hurt her delicacy, she affected to suppose that she was taken ill.

"No, dear Ellen," said the sobbing Maria, "my tears do not proceed from illness, they flow from a cause which I am ashamed of, but I will tell you all."

"You shall tell me nothing," cried Ellen, kindly, "that will give you pain."

"Oh, yes, I must, for when once I have opened my heart to you, I know I shall be easier, and be more able to conquer my folly. It is only lately, very lately, that I had any reason to believe Edward Wilmot loved you, and I do not know how it happened, for I cannot impute any blame to him, but without being conscious of it myself, I grew attached to him, and I was weak enough to fancy from some little attentions which he one day paid me, and which I afterwards

found, were occasioned by something I had said of you; that he was prepossessed in my favour. When I found my mistake, I intended to conquer my foolish predilection immediately, but I know not how it has happened, I fancied that though he loved you, you did not return his regard, and I delayed setting in earnest about subduing my own; but I will delay it no longer," continued she, while her tears streamed afresh, "for, indeed, indeed, I shall rejoice to see you happy together."

"Dear ingenuous girl!" cried Ellen, "think not of me, if Edward really loved me, he would not thus long have concealed it, let me then not be considered as a bar to your happiness."

"No," replied Maria, "you will not be a bar to it, for I shall recover happiness and peace of mind very soon, I am not so weak as I seem. But listen to me, Ellen, and be convinced that Edward loves you."

She now related Miss Morley's speech about Mr. West's partiality for Ellen,

and her own reply, and she dwelt upon the evident pleasure, which her vindication of Miss Aubrey gave to Edward, and upon the attention he afterwards payed her in consequence of it.

Ellen could not, however, regard this as any proof of attachment to her. "My dear Maria," said she, "it was very natural for Edward, who has known me from my childhood, to feel pleased with you for vindicating me from aspersions, which he must be convinced I did not deserve; at the same time, as politeness forbade him in his father's house to interfere between you and Miss Morley, he took the only method that he could, without rudeness to her, to shew his admiration of your spirit; but so he probably would have done, had he heard you exert yourself with so much spirit and good-nature in behalf of any one else, who was traduced undeservedly."

"But," cried Maria, eagerly, "you do not take his looks into the account, and you know how expressive they can be. My dear Ellen, say what you will, I am

convinced that he loves you, though why he should conceal it I cannot imagine."

Ellen tried to believe that her friend was mistaken, but in spite of herself, the hope that she was not, gave to her heart a sensation of pleasure to which it had long been a stranger.

CHAPTER VIII.

For a few weeks Miss Morley exulted in the renewal of her flirtation with West; and in the hope of his becoming her declared admirer, she gave him more than decent encouragement; it had, however, an effect directly contrary to her expectations. West was afraid of being seriously entangled, and, as she was the last woman in the world he would have thought of for a wife, he suddenly dropped her acquaintance.

Thoroughly provoked at his desertion, she renewed her attack upon Edward, though certainly no coquet ever had a more unpromising subject to work upon. Edward had not naturally any tendency to a love of flirtation, neither did he possess the qualifications necessary for a dangler; he was polite to the ladies, but his

attentions were too general to satisfy the vanity of Miss Morley. She assumed by turns the grave, the gay, the sentimental character, she favoured him with languishing glances and tender sighs in vain. He disliked her so thoroughly, that neither her art nor her preseverance could draw from him more than cold civility, and she was so mortified and provoked at his insenbility, that she soon detested him nearly as much as she did Ellen Aubrey.

One morning, when Edward and Maria were alone in the drawing room, Miss Morley was announced. There was a satisfaction in her countenance, which she seemed desirous to conceal; she talked of indifferent things, fidgetted about the room, and seemed so absent and *distraite*, that Maria at last enquired what was the matter.

"Nothing, my dear; only that I have met with a great surprise."

"I hope it is not an unpleasant one," returned Maria.

"It is nothing which immediately con-

cerns myself, but I am sorry for poor Mr. Aubrey."

"Mr. Aubrey," repeated Edward, in a tone of alarm, "what has happened to him?"

"What I am certain will grieve him very much, his daughter has clandestine meetings with a gentleman, in a house I am afraid, of no very good description."

Astonishment rendered Maria speechless; but Edward, grasping the arm of the malicious girl with a force which made her start, exlaimed, "it is a falsehood! a base malicious falsehood!"

Letitia disengaged herself, her countenance actually became livid with rage, and bursting into tears, she said, "it was very hard to be so shamefully ill-treated for only telling what she had seen with her own eyes."

"Impossible!" cried Maria, "there must be some mistake."

"I knew you would say so," said Letitia. "I was certain that you would take her part; but if you will listen to me, I shall

convince you that there is no mistake of mine. Insulted, as I have been repeatedly, on that specious girl's account, I am incapable of calumniating her or any body, and her friends will soon see how finely she has imposed upon them."

"Madam," cried Edward, sternly, "this is nothing to the purpose. What proof have you that Ellen merits the infamous aspersion you have cast upon her?"

"If you will have patience, Sir," cried she, with malignant triumph, "I fancy I can give you sufficient proof. A few days ago I called upon a person, who was recommended to me to mend some lace, she lives in a court in the Haymarket, and while I was rapping at her door, I saw a young woman enter the opposite house, who was very much wrapped up, I thought her figure resembled Miss Aubrey's, but I paid no attention to the circumstance, till, as I stood speaking to the person I had business with, a genteel looking young man rapped at the door of the house into which Miss Aubrey had just gone. A few minutes afterwards I saw him from the

window at which I stood, supporting Miss Aubrey in his arms, her head reclined upon his shoulder, she soon revived, and as she was without her bonnet and cloak, I had a full view of her face, and I can swear to its being her."

Edward and Maria both at the same moment exclaimed, that they could not believe it.

"Oh, very well, you are welcome to be as incredulous as you please. I suppose, too, you would not have believed the lace mender, who told me that for two or three months past, the young person I had just seen was in the habit of going to the house opposite to hers, which has a very indifferent name in the neighbourhood, through an enderly woman, evidently of a loose description, who lodges in it. At first it was supposed that Miss Aubrey's visits were to this woman, but in a short time the young man, whom I saw, always made his appearance at the same time that Miss Aubrey paid her visit, and generally quitted the house a few minutes before her. But I suppose," continued the malignant Le-

titia, "all these circumstances prove nothing in your opinion, since it is clear you think that this phenix cannot err."

Maria vehemently protested, that whatever appearance there might be of mystery, she was certain would be honourably explained, and she eagerly declared that she would go to Ellen that moment and relate to her what had passed.

Edward was silent; it was not that he doubted Ellen's innocence, but it suddenly occured to him, that the malicious Miss Morley had wilfully mistaken another person for her, and he determined, before any thing was done in the affair, to ascertain himself the truth or falsehood of her visits, to this supposed improper house.

In order to do this he asked Letitia the name of the court in which the lace mender lived. She blushed, and after hesitating some time, said she had forgotten it, but observing Maria and Edward exchange looks at this strange instance of forgetfulness, she immediately added that she would describe it so that he could

not miss it, or she would even go with him if he pleased.

He chose the former, and her description was so clear, that he had no doubt of succeeding in his enquiries. He drew Maria aside, and begging of her not to go to Ellen till his return, he hastened to the Haymarket.

Miss Morley's account was in fact a mixture of truth and falsehood. She had met Ellen near the top of the Haymarket, and finding that she walked quickly, and appeared evidently agitated, she determined from mere curiosity to follow her, which she did, till Miss Aubrey entered the house she had described. It was a very small private house of the meanest appearance, and Letitia, unable to conceive what Miss Aubrey could want in such a place, looked about for a shop that she might make enquiries who lived in it. At that moment her eye was caught by the lace mender's board, which was exactly opposite. She rapped, and pretending that she wanted a veil mended, was invited to walk up stairs.

She immediately approached the window, and while she affected to be bargaining about the repairs of the veil she saw the young man enter. She pretended that she recollected him, and enquired who the people were that kept the house he had just gone into. The lace mender replied, that it was kept by an old woman who let her first floor, and she added that the person who occupied it at present, if one was to judge from appearances, was no better than she should be.

"Some kept woman perhaps," said Letitia.

"I dare say that she has been so formerly," replied her informant, "but she is too old now for that kind of life; though she dresses and paints herself up as if she was only five and twenty. I don't doubt at all that she is in league with that gentleman, whom you have just seen, to ruin a pretty young creature who visits her."

At that moment the young man approached the window, supporting Ellen, who was evidently fainting, and this seemed such a confirmation of the lace mender's

suspicious, that she heartily execrated the wicked old Jezabel, who would, she said, certainly lead the poor innocent girl into a snare.

My readers will see that this account was very different from the one given by Letitia; but appearances were so much against Ellen, that Miss Morley readily believed her imprudent if not guilty, and she made no scruple of adding, and altering circumstances, in order to make her conduct appear in a worse light.

No sooner had Edward departed than she burst into a bitter invective against him, but Maria soon stopped her by entering into a defence of Ellen, which turned Miss Morley's anger against her. So violent was her rage that she lost sight of the caution she had hitherto preserved, and insulted Miss Stanton so grossly, that notwithstanding the natural mildness of Maria's temper, she felt herself obliged to resent Letitia's conduct by declaring that she must decline in future receiving her visits, and Letitia made her exit in a manner which increased the indifferent

opinion Maria had already conceived of her heart and her temper.

It was with great difficulty that Maria refrained from going to Ellen, of whose innocence she felt certain, and she awaited the return of Edward with a degree of anxiety which she had scarcely ever felt before.

CHAPTER IX.

EDWARD soon reached the Haymarket, and he had no difficulty in finding the court. He walked for some time up and down, undetermined how to act, or where to enquire ; at last he determined to try what intelligence he could gain in the house, and knocking at the door he tried to frame some excuse for getting admittance.

The door was opened by a decent looking elderly woman, of whom he enquired, whether a Mr. Smith lodged in her house? she answered, as he expected, in the negative ; and on his appearing disappointed, and saying that he had walked a great way, and was much fatigued, she civilly asked him into her parlour to rest a few minutes.

This invitation he gladly accepted.

The agitation of his mind had made him really ill, and he looked so pale, that the old woman, in a compassionate tone, asked if she could get him any thing. He thanked her and said that he would avail himself of her kindness to rest a little, observing, that rest was all he wanted.

In reply to his question, whether she let lodgings, she replied that she did, but she had none empty at present, as she only let her first floor, and that was occupied by an old lady. "However," continued she, "she won't keep it long I believe."

"She is then about to leave you?" cried Edward, glad of this opening to make the enquiries he wished.

"Oh no, Sir," replied she, "she has no thought of leaving me, but she is in such a bad state of health, that I am sure she can't live long, and it will be happy for her if she does not."

This speech perplexed Edward exceedingly. Could this person be the woman Miss Morley had spoken of, as being of light character? This, however, was a ques-

tion he knew not how to ask, and his loquacious hostess continued.

"It is a shocking thing, Sir, when one sees an aged person, and in that state, quite void of all thoughts of another life."

"And is that the case with your lodger?" said Edward.

"Why, to tell you the truth, Sir, I am afraid it is; but she is so proud, and so distant, that I can't tell for certain."

"But, perhaps," said Edward, "she is ignorant of her danger, have you ever spoken to her on the subject?"

"Lord bless you, Sir, I dare as well fly; for although she is badly off now, I am certain she has once been somebody of consequence, and she is as haughty as if she was a queen. I don't suppose she would listen to a word a person like me would say, for she will hardly suffer even the young lady who comes to her to speak without snapping her up quite short."

Edward's heart beat at the words "young lady," but he said, with an air of indifference, "some relation, I suppose?"

"Why, I believe so, but I don't know

for certain: they are mysterious people altogether."

"I think they are indeed," cried Edward, "pray how did you get this lady as a lodger first?"

This question gave full scope to the loquacious landlady; but as my readers may not be blessed with Edward's patience, I shall, in compassion to them, abridge her reply.

"She said, that about three months before, a young lady had called when she had a bill up for lodgings, and engaged them for a friend of hers. The young lady premised, that her friend was rather of an irritable temper, that the landlady would have to give her what little attendance she might want, and that, as she was an invalid, she must be treated with gentleness and kindness, and never contradicted. These conditions being acceded to, the old lady came the next day, and she soon discovered that she was labouring under a cancer in her breast. She had turned out a most unpleasant lodger, and, but from

respect to her young friend, whom the landlady praised in the highest terms, she would before that time have parted with her. She added, that the young lady always dressed the cancer, and indeed performed all the offices of a nurse for the invalid whenever she visited her. They certainly must, as the surgeon said, be related, though he did not know any more than herself that it was so, only they both conjectured it from her behaviour."

Reader, give Edward credit for the prudence which prevented him at the conclusion of her prolix narrative from embracing the old woman, who had unknowingly relieved his mind from a load of anxiety; it was clear that Ellen was wholly undeserving of Letitia's aspersions, and though he could not conceive her motives for the mystery she had observed, he was satisfied that they were innocent ones.

He made the old woman a handsome present, and hastened back, in the hope that Miss Morley might have waited his return. Maria's joy at finding that Ellen

was fully cleared from the charges brought against her by the malicious Letitia, was extreme, and as she concurred with him in opinion, that Miss Morley ought to be immediately informed of the falsity of her suspicions, she went directly to her house.

But Letitia's natural malignity was so much heightened by her anger against Edward and Miss Stanton, that she was determined not to be convinced. She told Maria with a sneer, " that Mr. Edward Wilmot might find people, perhaps, who would be credulous enough to believe the pretty little romance he had so ingeniously devised, to shield his favourite's reputation, but he must excuse her being one of them. It was a likely story to be sure, that Miss Aubrey's humanity should lead her to make such a fuss, and take so much trouble about an old woman who could not have any claims upon her, for if she was a relation, the Wilmots, who knew every particular of Miss Aubrey's family and connexions, must

know it. Besides, would a woman on the verge of the grave, be likely to be taken for a person of ill fame."

"I would advise you, my dear credulous cousin," continued Miss Morley, with a scornful laugh, "to be careful how you retail this fine story, unless you have a mind to be laughed at for your easy faith, for you may depend that you will not be able to find anybody but yourself to believe it."

Mortified at her ill success, and fearful of the effects of Letitia's malignity, Maria returned home. She found the family waiting dinner for her, and the moment the cloth was removed, she said she would go and pass the evening with Miss Aubrey. Edward, as she expected, offered to accompany her; and on their way she told him the manner in which Miss Morley had received her.

"I have had so many proofs," continued she, of Letitia's bad heart, "that I am convinced if we do not do something to prevent it, she will circulate the

tale she told us to-day, and the consequence will be, that Ellen's character will receive irreparable injury. I could pledge my life she can clear all that appears mysterious in her connexion with this woman, and I think it is better to tell her at once, what Letitia has said, and get her to furnish us with means to effectually clear her, and to silence this artful and malicious girl."

There was so much good sense and prudence in this speech, that Edward could not oppose Maria's resolution, although he keenly felt for the mortification which the disclosure must inflict upon Ellen, whom they found very unexpectedly alone. "This is kind," cried she, in a tone of satisfaction, as they entered, "my father has been prevailed upon to dine with an old friend, and I thought I should have passed the evening by myself, but I hope you are both come to stay?"

Maria answered that they were, and in a few minutes afterwards she drew Ellen into another apartment, and revealed to

her, with all the delicacy she could, the subject of her visit.

Ellen's colour changed. "Good Heaven!" cried she, "can it be possible that such unprovoked malignity can exist in the bosom of any human being! yes, I can justify myself effectually———."

"Dearest Ellen," eagerly interrupted Miss Stanton, "can you suppose that your friends could ever for a moment believe the infamous tale; to those who know you, its falsehood must be evident; it is only on the minds of strangers, that Letitia's malignity could have weight. Tell me only whether this poor sufferer is connected with you by blood, or whether your kindness to her arises merely from humanity, and leave to me the task of effectually repelling Letitia's attempts to injure you."

"My dear friend," replied Ellen, "I know not how you will be able to do so, because the secret which I am about to reveal to Edward and yourself, must rest with yourselves; for no personal conside-

rations can induce me to make it public. But let us return to Edward, I owe it to him, that this explanation should take place in his presence."

CHAPTER X.

If Edward had entertained a doubt of Ellen's innocence, her countenance, when she entered the room, where he awaited her return, would have dispelled it. "Well, dear Edward," said she, "Miss Morley's unprovoked slander obliges me to reveal to you the only secret which I ever had. Had it been any thing that concerned myself only, I should have long ago revealed it to your worthy mother, but motives of delicacy prevented my doing so; now, however, when I see that my silence would be used as an argument against myself, I can preserve it no longer."

"You know that my mother died of a decline when I was a very little girl, but I believe that you never heard that her disorder was supposed to have originated in uneasiness of mind. She was an only child, and the darling of her parents: her

mother, who was uncommonly beautiful, had married at fifteen, and as my mother was born in the following year, and she also married very young, my grandmother was still young at the time of my birth.

"My mother's father, Mr. Southern, was engaged in commerce; and unfortunately, soon after the marriage of my mother, he took a partner. This man, whose name was Lovegrove, was young, handsome in his person, and specious in his manners; being unmarried, he became my grandfather's inmate, and for a considerable time they lived in the greatest harmony.

"During twenty years that Mr. and Mrs. Southern had been united, their confidence and affection had known no diminution. Mrs. Southern was indeed vain and dissipated, but she always appeared attached to her husband, and her character was free from even a suspicion of impropriety. Who would have supposed it possible that she should, at thirty-five, abandon her husband and her home, and sacrifice, to an illicit passion, her character and her peace of mind?

"So, however, it was, she eloped with Lovegrove, and this step proved a death-blow both to my grandfather's happiness and fortune.

"My mother had just recovered from a dangerous illness, when my grandfather, in the first moments of his anguish, at the discovery of Mrs. Southern's perfidy, incautiously communicated to her, her mother's flight, and the cause of it. The intelligence struck her to the heart; from that moment she languished, and in a few weeks afterwards she breathed her last.

"My grandfather survived her only a few months; he died insolvent. My father regarded Mrs. Southern as the cause of her husband and child's death, and though he is naturally of a mild and placable temper, he conceived an abhorrence of her, which I fear nothing can conquer.

"She retired with Lovegrove to the north of England, where they changed their names and lived together as man and wife for some years. I was little more than two years old at the time of her

elopement, and as her name was never mentioned to me, I grew up in ignorance that I had such a relation.

"When I was about eight years of age, I accompanied my aunt Hargrave to Brighton for the benefit of sea-bathing. My aunt was not fond of walking, and as it was necessaay for me to be a good deal in the open air, I used to ramble about, accompanied by a female servant, to whose care Mrs. Hargrave knew she might confide me.

"We often met with a lady in our walks, who was always alone, and who seemed to regard me with great attention. After we had seen her two or three times, she stopped the servant one day, and asked her whether my name was not Wilmot. On hearing that it was, she caressed me very much, and I remember, even yet, the agitation which she shewed, when after she had taken off my large bonnet and viewed me attentively, she asked whether I was thought to resemble my mother.

"The servant said I did.and I asked the

stranger if she knew my mamma? She made no reply, but again caressed me, and shed tears. We were near a pastry-cook's, and she expressed a great wish to give me some pastry. As she asked Hannah also to accompany her, the latter suspecting no impropriety agreed, and we entered the shop. The stranger proceeded with me into a parlour, but Hannah, out of respect to her, staid in the shop, as she could distinctly see us from it.

"The stranger again caressed me tenderly, but she wept so much, that I was frightened at the sight of her tears, and Hannah, who did not know what to think of her excessive agitation, said it was time to take me home.

"She thanked Hannah for her civility, and offered her some money, asking at the same time whether we could meet her to take a walk the next day. Hannah was struck with the idea that there was something wrong, though she knew not what. She refused the money, and evaded a direct reply to the stranger's request,

who walked with us part of the way home; and on quitting us, charged me not to forget her, but to come the next day.

"My aunt was absent when we returned, and our other domestic happened to be a person who had lived with my father at the time of my grandmother's flight, and continued in the family ever since. She had received strict orders never to mention Mrs. Southern to me, and she faithfully obeyed them; but when Hannah related the extraordinary meeting which had just taken place, and the emotion which the stranger showed when she caressed me, Nelson was thrown off her guard, and she hastily exclaimed, 'as sure as can be, it is Ellen's grandmother.'

"This imprudent speech drew upon her a torrent of enquiries from me, which she strove in vain to silence. I was quite delighted with the idea of having a grandmother, especially such an elegant looking lady, and one who was so fond of me; and when Nelson would have persuaded me that I mistook what she said, I stoutly declared that I had not, and if [illegible]

not tell me who my grandmother was, and why she never came to see me, I would ask my aunt.

"Frightened lest the loss of her place, should be the consequence of my enquiry, Nelson now affected to place a confidence in me, first making me promise that I would not betray her. She told me in general terms, that my grandmother was a very bad woman, and that my papa and aunt would not suffer her to see me on any account, because they knew that she was wicked enough to do me some terrible mischief. That they never intended I should know I had a grandmother; partly, because they were afraid of what she might do to me, and partly because they were ashamed on account of her being so wicked, to belong to her.

"This story cost me some tears, and Nelson could hardly persuade me of the truth of it. The tears and caresses of my grandmother had made an impression on me so much in her favour, that I could hardly persuade myself that it was possible for her who seemed so gentle and so kind,

to be the wicked creature she was represented, and the silence which my promise to Nelson compelled me to observe, fixed the recollection of what had passed more firmly in my mind.

"For some years afterwards, during which Nelson continued with us, I frequently thought of my grandmother, and puzzled myself with vain endeavours to account for the extraordinary silence my father and my aunt observed respecting her. Nelson's death at last released me from the restraint I laboured under, and I questioned my aunt on the subject.

"Although she was much vexed to find that I was acquainted with the fact of my having a grandmother living, she deemed it prudent to relate to me the reasons why her existence had hitherto been kept a secret from me; and when I found that she still continued to live with Lovegrove, and had never evinced any sign of contrition for her fault, I regretted that chance had ever betrayed to me her existence, and I readily acceded to my aunt's desire,

never to seek her or to mention to any of our friends, that she was still living.

"Years elapsed without any tidings of this unfortunate woman reaching me. You may recollect that the illness of my aunt recalled me from the country, and that shortly afterwards, she died. One day, soon after her death, a poor woman, whom I was in the habit of assisting, came to me, and told me, that in an apartment of the house which she inhabited, there was a person dying, as she believed, of want; that this person had every appearance of having been a gentlewoman, and was so haughty and distant, that she was almost afraid to offer her any thing.

"The reluctance of the unfortunate woman to receive relief, interested me exceedingly in her favour. I wished to see her, but I knew not how to introduce myself to her; at last I wrote a note, in which I, as delicately as I could, made her an offer of my services, requesting, at the same time, permission to wait upon her. This note I gave to Mrs. Burton, the person

who had informed me of her situation, and I waited in her apartment to receive an answer to it.

"In a few minutes, a loud scream caused me to run into the stranger's apartment, whom I found lifeless in the arms of Burton. She had fainted, and continued for an alarming time in a state of insensibility; when she did recover, she turned her eyes upon me, as I assisted in supporting her, with an expression so mournful, and yet so wild, that my terror prevailed over the pity I felt for her, and I motioned to draw back. "Stop, Ellen!" said she, in a faint voice, "stop and pronounce, in the name of your mother, my forgiveness!"

CHAPTER XI.

"It is impossible, my dear friends, to paint to you my sensations at these words, which discovered to me, that this unfortunate being was my grandmother. I had sufficient presence of mind to send Burton out of the room, and the scene which followed will never be effaced from my memory.

"I found the unhappy Mrs. Southern in a state of mind the most pitiable, suffering under the consequences of her guilt; and yet unwilling to acknowledge that she had been guilty. You may well look surprised, Edward, you may well start, Maria; but strange as it may seem, the naturally good understanding of Mrs. Southern had been so perverted by sophistry, that she would not allow she had been guilty of a crime in quitting her husband's arms, to bestow herself upon the

vile Lovegrove. But, though she endeavoured to stifle the voice of conscience, by the jargon in which our modern reformers attempt to prove that there is no such thing as crime, she could not silence the feelings of nature; she could not banish from her recollection, that her elopement had caused the death of her husband and her daughter. These recollections had haunted her, even in the arms of her paramour, and they returned with double bitterness, with double force, when she saw herself abandoned by him, whose guilty love she had bought at such a tremendous price.

" She was too weak then to enter into any particulars of her situation, nor to say the truth, did I wish to hear them. The situation in which I found her, proved that her connection with Lovegrove was at an end, and though she evinced no sign of penitence, I hoped and trusted that the mercy of Heaven would at length open her eyes to a just sense of her atrocious conduct. I tried to soothe her,

by an assurance, that I would devote myself to her till her recovery, and I added, that my father would do every thing in his power to render her comfortable.

"At these words the langour and paleness which illness had given to her countenance vanished, a glow of anger suffused her cheek, and darting at me a glance of mingled rage and scorn, she asked me whether I meant to insult her, by naming my father.

"Dear madam," cried I, trembling, "how can you think so? I know that he has never forgiven you, but surely you do not think he will be irreconcilable, now that you have broken with Mr. Lovegrove."

"What," cried she, "do you suppose I would exist upon his charity, if indeed he extended it to me, which I am not certain would be the case? Do you imagine that I could bear to hear him exult, in what he, weak, superstitious being as he is, would call the retributive justice which has overtaken me. No, I will end

my life with my own hands, sooner than receive from him the smallest obligation; and I swear, by all that is holy, that if you betray to him how I am situated, you shall have my blood upon your head!"

"But, good Heaven!" exclaimed I, "how, if he does not know it, are you to be supported as you ought?"

"I care not, if you cannot, or will not do the little that may be necessary, leave me to starve. I can suffer want in silence, but I cannot, I will not, bear insult and obloquy."

"In vain did I assure her, that from my father she would meet with neither. Her conscience told her, that she had merited them, and she placed no faith in my assertions. It had also unfortunately happened, that in the first moments of my father's grief for my mother, he learned where Mrs. Southern had retired with Lovegrove, and he wrote her a letter filled with reproaches, such, alas! as she had but too well deserved. This letter inflamed her naturally violent and haughty

spirit against him to an irreconcilable degree, and although she well knew that both from humanity and family considerations, he would not suffer her to want, she had preferred encountering absolute starvation rather than solicit his assistance.

"Finding her deaf to all that I could urge, I rose to go, promising to see her the next day, but she would not suffer me to depart, before I had solemnly pledged myself not to betray to my father the circumstance of our meeting.

"I left with her some money, and I made Burton, on whom I could rely, get her such light nourishment as might be most likely to recruit her strength. I did not, however, communicate to Burton, the relationship which subsisted between us, but I told her, that Mrs. Green, so my grandmother called herself, had been a friend of my mother's, and I begged of her to be assiduous and attentive to her.

"I returned home in a state of mind cruelly disturbed. To procure for my

grandmother even the common comforts of life, without my father's assistance, appeared impossible. My allowance for clothes and pocket-money though ample, considering my father's income, would be wholly insufficient for her wants, and I had no means on earth to increase it. Gladly, most gladly would I have devoted my time to any pursuit by which I could have helped to procure her a maintenance, but I knew not in what way to make the little knowledge I possessed serviceable, and to add to my distress I had very little money, and it would be some time before I should have a right to ask my father for any.

"Luckily for me, my father that day dined abroad, the agitation of my mind would otherwise have betrayed to him that I had some secret cause for sorrow. For some hours I was incapable of forming any feasible plan to raise a present supply of cash, at last my eye chanced to fall upon a watch which had belonged to my mother; it was valuable, but too



large for the present fashion, and it usually hung over the fire-place in my room. I could not bear to think of parting with it, but I fancied that there could be no difficulty in pawning it for money enough to supply the wants of Mrs. Southern, at least for some time.

"I must own that I felt the most extreme repugnance to part with the watch in this way, but I endeavoured to surmount it, by reflecting that if the spirits of the departed are indeed conscious of what passes in this world, my dear parent could not but approve of my conduct. The next day I carried the watch to Burton, to raise me the money I wanted upon it, but to my great disappointment, I could not obtain more than half the sum I expected.

Even that, as I was situated, was a treasure. I lost no time in removing Mrs. Southern to an apartment, which though mean, was more comfortable and cheerful than the one in which I found her. I made an agreement that the people of the

house should attend her, as it was totally out of my power to keep a servant for her, and I could not bear that she should be obliged to perform the offices of a domestic for herself.

"When she was settled in her new habitation she acquainted me with the manner in which she had been reduced to such extreme distress. For many years Lovegrove continued, at least apparently, much attached to her, and as an elder brother of his, who was a man of good fortune, had died soon after their elopement, and his property descended to Lovegrove, he was enabled to support Mrs. Southern very handsomely. I have said that my grandmother was handsome, and even at the period I am speaking of, she retained all the beauty which had made her so generally admired in her youthful days; but about three years before I met with her, she was for a length of time confined to her chamber by a nervous fever: this illness had a serious effect both upon her person and her constitution. When she

was first confined, Lovegrove behaved to her with the greatest tenderness, but after some time he relaxed in his attentions, and for days together he did not enter her chamber. This neglect Mrs. Southern resented with great bitterness, and the consequence was, that he became still more estranged.

"It is difficult, even for those who possess a conscience void of offence, to bear with temper and patience the miseries of a lingering illness; how insupportable then must they have been to a woman like Mrs. Southern, to whom the past presented only the most terrifying images, and to whom the future offered no ray of hope to cheer her under present sufferings; for she was convinced, that the influence which she had for years maintained over the mind of Lovegrove, was at an end.

"At length, after a confinement of several months, she was able to leave her chamber, and once more appear in the drawing-room. Lovegrove congratulated her on her amendment, but she perceived,

notwithstanding the forced cordiality of his manner, that he was far from rejoiced at it. Still, though she perceived plainly that he was become indifferent to herself, she did not suspect that he was attached to another, till she learned, through her own maid, that he kept a mistress in the neighbourhood.

"Nearly frantic at this information, she upbraided him, in terms of the utmost bitterness, for what she called his baseness to herself. He retorted, by ridiculing her right to reproach him, and by reminding her of her own conduct to Mr. Southern. A scene of the most disgraceful altercation ensued, in the course of which, the violent and unhappy woman was so provoked by his taunts, that she flung a knife at him. Fortunately he escaped unhurt; but he made a pretext of her having endangered his life to part from her immediately, and without providing for her future support.

"As he had always, till then, behaved to her with great liberality, she was not

destitute of money, she had also a profusion of clothes, and many valuable trinkets. She was therefore secure of not suffering from immediate want, and she quitted his house, impressed with a belief that when he cooled, he would voluntarily settle upon her a sufficiency for her future maintenance."

CHAPTER XII.

"In this respect she was deceived, for in a few days afterwards Lovegrove suddenly quitted the town in which he resided; he was accompanied by the woman for whom he had deserted Mrs. Southern, and where they went remained a profound secret.

"Convinced now that she was wholly abandoned by her base paramour, my grandmother removed to London, where she supported herself for a considerable time by the sale of her clothes and trinkets. These resources failed her by degrees. She had no tidings of Lovegrove, and as she was resolved not to apply to my father, she would most probably, had I not discovered her, have fallen a victim to famine.

"You know that my father, who is of a literary turn, always passes the greatest part of the morning in his study. This

circumstance gave me frequent opportunities of seeing Mrs. Southern, whose health soon mended, but I had the grief to find that there seemed no hope of her becoming a penitent.

"I waited with impatience for the time in which my allowance became due, and as it happened that I was then going out of mourning for my aunt, my father told me if I wanted a little more money than usual, I might have it. I eagerly availed myself of his kindness to ask a few pounds more than usual, and never surely did the possession of money give so much pleasure to any one as I felt, when I received the sum which I knew would secure my poor grandmother, for a short period, at least, from want."

As Ellen uttered these words, she perceived the eyes of Edward, which were fixed upon her, were filled with tears. He snatched her hand and eagerly kissing it, seemed as if he was going to speak, but he checked himself, and begged she would proceed.

Somewhat surprised at an emotion, the

cause of which she could not define, she continued, " the day after I received my allowance, my father said to me, Ellen, you seem to have become so clever in domestic matters since your visit to the country, that I think I may safely venture do with you as I did with my poor sister, that is, give you a certain sum every month to pay the expence of the house, which you will regulate according to the sum I give you, so as not to incur any debt.

" I could hardly contain my joy at this speech, for I knew perfectly well, with good management, I should now be able to support Mrs. Southern decently. My first step was to obtain a good situation for Jenkins, who had lived with us for many years as cook. She was an excellent servant, and I believe attached to our family, but she was extremely expensive, and her wages were very high. I soon got her an excellent place, but I was hurt to see that she ascribed my parting with her to stinginess, and as I could not explain to

her the real motives, she went away much dissatisfied.

"I replaced her by a stout country girl, and I very soon found that our expence was much decreased. Nevertheless, I had a difficult task to make up the sum I wanted. Mrs. Southern did not consider the limited state of my finances, and I believe, she was wholly unconscious of the sum which it takes in London to provide, even for one person, the necessaries of life. She was also, notwithstanding her time of life, fond of dress; and if, as it sometimes happened, I could not directly procure her what she wanted, she told me I did not care for her, that I considered her as a burthen, and many other expressions equally unkind and unjust.

"I was also rendered uneasy by the inclination she perpetually expressed to change her lodgings, for she would never, if she could help it, remain long any where; but whatever cause of complaint I might have, or fancy I had, the recollection of her state of health, and still

more of her state of mind, always enabled me to bear it in silence.

"When I first knew her, she complained of a pain in her breast, and a swelling which she attributed to cold. She soon grew apparently better, but after some time the pain returned. She persisted in refusing to have advice for a considerable time, and when at last she became convinced of the necessity of it, the surgeon, who was called in, declared that she laboured under a confirmed cancer, and that the only way to save her life, was to cut off her breast: an operation she would not submit to.

"The cancer has lately assumed a frightful appearance, and this morning, when the dressings were taken from it, I was so shocked at the sight of the state in which it was, that I nearly fainted; and I recollect the surgeon supporting me into the next room: no doubt it was at that moment that Letitia observed us, and I confess the circumstance must have appeared equivocal, though surely no candid mind

would have considered it as a positive proof of my guilt.

"And now, my friends, you see the predicament in which I am placed. A short time must terminate the existence of this unfortunate woman; but I cannot reveal the reason I attach myself to her, nor do I see how, without doing so, I can silence the malicious insinuations of Letitia."

"Think not of her, dearest Ellen," cried Edward, "leave her to my management, and be assured that her malignity cannot, shall not, hurt you. But there has been another who has been unjust to you, and one, too, who ought to have known you thoroughly; yet he has been so far the dupe of appearances as to suspect you of meanness, nay, of avarice. Oh, Ellen! can you, kind and forgiving as you are, ever pardon this base, this unfounded suspicion?"

"Yes," said Ellen, extending her hand to him, with a smile, "I can pardon and even think such a suspicion not unnatural, all circumstances considered; for I recollect now that, this terribly suspicious person [illegible] me behave in two in-

stances in a manner apparently very inhuman, and it was impossible for him to know that I was obliged to withhold relief from the distresses of strangers, in order to bestow the money upon a relation, and so near a one too, who was, in fact, as much in want of it as they were."

" Dear, generous Ellen ! this unmerited kindness stabs me deeper than reproach. You may forgive me, but I shall never forgive myself."

" Very well, Maria shall be judge of this heinous offence of yours, and Ellen related to her the circumstance of their meeting with the poor schoolmaster, and the application which had been previously made to her by the poor woman, whom Mrs. Wilmot patronized for some relief for her sick husband."

" I think," said Maria, " that Edward was wrong. You had been friends from your childhood, he should, therefore, have asked you openly, why you, who always seemed so ready to relieve distress, shut your heart against it for the first time, particularly in the case of the schoolmaster,

when you had so evidently the means to assist him in your power."

"You are right, my dear Maria, but I have been punished. Oh!" continued he, turning to Ellen, with a look of passionate tenderness, which suffused her cheek with crimson, "you do not know how I have been punished for this first instance, in which I ever cherished an unjust suspicion. Ah, it will indeed be a lesson to me through life to 'hear before I judge'!"

Before he quitted Ellen, Edward solicited her permission to take his mother into their confidence. "She will, I have no doubt," said he, "be able to devise a means of effectually silencing Miss Morley."

"Perhaps I ought to blush," said Ellen, "that my confidence has been so long withheld from Mrs. Wilmot, with whom I certainly was not obliged to observe silence; but although in strict justice, the conduct of my grandmother ought not to be considered as reflecting disgrace upon me; yet, I felt an extreme repugnance at acknowledging even to

Mrs. Wilmot, that I had a relation guilty of a crime so atrocious. Often, however, have I been upon the point of confiding in her, when I first met with Mrs. Southern, but I never could summon courage enough to do it; and I believe that she saw that I had some secret which weighed heavy upon my mind, though she was too delicate to extort my confidence."

"Mother," cried Edward, as he entered the parlour on his arrival at home, "I must speak to you immediately."

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot were playing at chess, and the former, in attending to Edward's exclamation, made a wrong move, which placed his queen in the power of his wife: "zounds," cried he peevishly, "I am as stupid as this puppy is impertinent. Pray, (most peremptorily) Sir, who the devil gave you leave to bounce in and interrupt us in this manner?"

"I stand corrected, Sir," said Edward seating himself; "but the moment Mrs. Wilmot looked at him she saw that he had something to communicate, and she spee-

dily suffered herself to be check-mated, that she might have an opportunity of quitting the room with him.

No sooner were they alone than Edward threw himself into her arms. "Oh mother! dear mother!" cried he, "I am the happiest fellow on earth! Ellen is the best, the noblest girl in the world."

He then related to her with the greatest rapidity all that had passed, and she heard him with a pleasure only inferior to his own.

"And now, dear mother," cried he, when he had concluded his narrative, "will you intercede with my father to forgive my past conduct, and speak to Mr. Aubrey for his consent to my soliciting the hand of Ellen, whose marriage with me, should I be fortunate enough to obtain her, will effectually refute whatever the malicious Letitia may say against her?"

"Yes, my dear Edward," replied she; "and great as the pleasure was, which I should formerly have felt in receiving Ellen Aubrey as my daughter, it will now be much more so, so greatly has her noble

conduct in this affair endeared her to me; she will make an invaluable wife, let it be your study, Edward, to deserve her."

Mrs. Wilmot then returned to her husband, whom she found alone, and very much disposed to read her a lecture, for the abruptness with which she had terminated their game at chess.

"Although I like to win," cried he, "it is provoking to get the game without having any play for it. Now here you had an excellent position, if you had but supported your queen with your knight, instead of placing both her and your tower in check at once, you might have had a chance of the game."

"Observe now the pieces were placed so ——"

"Never mind the pieces, my dear husband," cried Mrs. Wilmot, "but listen to a piece of intelligence, which will rejoice you as much as it has done me."

She then, without entering into particulars, told him that Edward and Ellen had come to an understanding, and that

the former desired nothing so ardently as that his father would forgive his past conduct, which had proceeded entirely from a false idea he had conceived of Miss Aubrey's temper, and renew the liberty he had formerly granted him of paying his addresses to her.

"And so this was the reason, was it, that he insisted, *sans cérémonie*, upon speaking to you? Well, I am glad to find that he has so good an excuse for his want of politeness; but I think I ought to punish his inconsistent folly by refusing my consent, now that he is sufficientlly restored to his senses to ask it."

Mrs. Wilmot saw that it would not be a very difficult matter to obtain Edward's forgiveness, and she used her powers of persuasion so successfully, that the next morning her husband went early to Mr. Aubrey's, from whence he returned with the old gentleman's full permission, that Edward should try his fortune with Ellen.

That very evening Mrs. Wilmot and her son went to drink tea with Miss Au-

brey. Maria was purposely left at home, and both the fathers took care to be engaged.

"Ah, dear Mrs. Wilmot," cried Ellen, as soon as she saw her, "this is very kind. Edward has then told you all, and you will assist me with your advice how to silence this malicious Letitia."

"I am come for that purpose, my dear child; but in truth I see but one way, and that is a way which I can hardly hope you will adopt."

A i l [illegible], my dear Madam, is it?"

"Only to give this hasty and ill-judging gentleman a right to scrutinize your actions for life. Nay, my dear girl," continued she, as Ellen blushing and confused turned away, "you owe it to your sex to be revenged upon him, and how can you take a more noble revenge than by making him owe the felicity of his future life, to a woman whom he onced wronged by an unjust suspicion."

She put the hand of Ellen into that of her son, and quitted the room. Fortunately she was not very impatient for her

tea, for this evening it was considerably later than usual.

Need we say that Ellen sealed her forgiveness to Edward, with a promise to be speedily his. Their intended nuptials were directly announced, to the great mortification of Miss Morley, who thus found the very step she had taken to injure the innocent Ellen turn out a means of hastening that event which she hoped it would have prevented.

Maria Stanton had for some time looked upon this event as one likely to happen, at first it cost her some pangs; but time, her good sense, and her natural generosity enabled her to triumph over her affection for Edward, and to witness, with pleasure, his happiness with Ellen, for whom her friendship always continued unabated.

Mrs. Southern died very soon after the marriage of Ellen; who, though she had for some time expected her decease, was sensibly shocked at the manner of it, for even to her last hour she continued impenitent. I shall not attempt to paint the horrors of her last moments; let us hope,

for the sake of humanity, such death-bed scenes are rarely witnessed.

Ellen's lot as a wife, and subsequently as a mother, was as happy as it deserved to be. The most unreserved confidence always subsisted between her and Edward, who joined her in inculcating in the minds of their children the necessity of never deciding upon an action without knowing the motives which occasion it. "Always remember," would Edward say, "that although we are bound as Christians to abhor vice, we are also obliged, where an action is not actually criminal, to consider that what appears to us wrong might, if we knew the motives which prompt it, be far otherwise. Let us then judge strangers leniently, and with regard to our friends, before we break a connection, or entertain a rash suspicion, let us weigh all the circumstances well, and if it be possible, let us always 'hear before we judge'."

THE END.

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